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A REQUIEM.

BY C. E. C. W.

Bend down your head!
For the last time—the sad last time—
See your last soul upon his mouth!
The lane is dim with winter's rime,
The wind is from the tearful south;
And he is dead.

Bend down your head!
Those soft brown curls that shade the light,
The azure of his baby eyes—
Ah, touch them reverently to night,
Stir not their tangle with your sighs,
Since he is dead!

Bend down your head!
That little life now hushed to rest
That was so fain wrapped with mine
Is pillowed on a tenderer breast,
We may not weep, for Love Divine
In gentle pity surely said,
"Asleep, not dead!"

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH IMPOSTOR," "HUSBED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

EVERYTHING went smoothly, and almost rapidly on, as appears, with the building; for the moment Gerald was informed that Miss Sartoris desired to avoid delay, he set to work "to clear the line," as he expressed it, and made the slow and sleepy folk of Regna and the neighboring town of Throxton "sit up" with a vengeance.

He chose a young man, just starting as a builder, for the work, and at the set off, informed him that he, Gerald, meant to keep a sharp eye on the affair.

The young fellow—Lee, by name—saw that he had to do with a master mind he could rely upon, and assented cheerfully.

So it happened that one morning, Claire, walking to the end of the terrace heard the sound of a pick and saw the dust arise. She walked round to see the cause, and there were a couple of men picking away at the old masonry, and Gerald down below with his dark eyes fixed upon them watchfully. He was so intent that he did not hear her approach.

"Why, have you begun?" she said.

"Yes," he said, turning to her with a certain eagerness which he immediately suppressed. "You wanted it done at once, did you not, Miss Sartoris?"

"Yes, oh yes," she said, looking at the men perched on the roof. "But I didn't think you would commence so soon!"

He laughed the short laugh which she had learned to know so well.

"At once, means 'at once,' with me," he said. "I'm afraid it doesn't mean quite the same to the good people down here; me over there," he jerked his head back in the direction of America.

"I'm afraid they will make rather a mess," he went on, "but I have arranged to pull down a bit at a time, and it will be carted away as it falls, so as to make as little confusion as possible. What's the matter, my man?" he broke off to inquire of one of the men who had paused and looked hesitatingly at the stone work he was picking at. "I'm taking Mr. Lee's place while he is at breakfast," he explained.

The man made some reply, and Gerald with an "Excuse me," to Claire, went up the ladder, and after a short conference, took the man's pick and successfully dislodged the stone, which fell with a dull thud to the ground.

Claire watched him with some little anxiety. It seemed to her that he was in something very like danger, as he stood on the ledge of the coping which was being "wrecked," and when he came down, she could not help saying:

"Isn't it rather dangerous?"

"Oh, no," said Gerald, confidently. "Not if you are at all careful."

"Then I hope you—they—will be careful," she said, correcting the "you" with "they," quickly.

"Oh, they are all right," he said, easily. "They are all picked men, I have taken care of that, and Mr. Lee, the contractor, is a sensible young fellow, who will run no risks. He will be here nearly all the time, and when he isn't, I shall take his place. I think you had better stand back a little, Miss Sartoris, a stone might rebound and reach you."

Claire drew back obediently, and presently went in to breakfast. When she came out on the terrace again, he was still there, and, as he did not leave until dinner time, it was evident that he had neglected his own breakfast.

During the afternoon Mr. Mordaunt Bapley came on the scene. He had received a hint from his father, and greeted Gerald as amiably as he could; and Gerald, who was the last man in the world to bear malice, responded pleasantly.

"My father has gone up to London, Mr. Wayre," said Mordaunt, as he turned to go away. "If there is anything you want I shall be glad to do it for you."

He made the offer with downcast eyes; but Gerald disregarded his manner and thanked him cordially enough. Mordaunt went up to the Court and asked to see Claire.

"My father asked me to tell you that he was wired for to London, Miss Sartoris," he said. "There are one or two papers he would be glad if you would look at."

He spoke almost humbly, and his manner was so marked an improvement on his ordinary one that Claire was agreeably surprised.

"About the Grimleys, Miss Sartoris," he said; "my father thinks they ought to go, but I ventured to plead for them, and he says they may stay—of course I told him you wished it."

Claire was gratified, and showed her pleasure by a smile—perhaps the first she had bestowed on Mr. Mordaunt.

"Thank you!" she said. "I am very glad to hear that! It was very kind of you to plead for them."

Mr. Mordaunt was very nearly guilty of one of his Oxford smiles, and so destroying the good impression he had made, but he checked himself in time.

"Is there anything I can do for you this morning, Miss Sartoris?" he asked, with his new air of deference. Claire discussed one or two matters relating to the estate with him, and he took his departure remarkably well pleased with himself.

"The guv'nor's right!" he said. "He's a knowing old fox! Yes, I must bend the knee and play the 'humble retainer' business, if I want to get on with her. I wonder what the guv'nor has got up his sleeve, and whether there is anything in this idea of his? It doesn't sound probable, but I'll give it a trial. The husband of the mistress of Court Regna! It sounds too good to be true; like a fairy tale. Yes, she's beautiful—though I prefer something in Lucy's style; something soft and gentle. Poor little Lucy!"

He smiled condescendingly and stroked his slight moustache. He was up at the Court again the next day, and behaved himself so well, that, it being just lunch time, Claire asked him to remain for the meal. He accepted, and kept so careful a guard upon himself, that Mrs. Laxton, to whom he had been especially polite, was quite impressed in his favor.

"The son is a great improvement on the father, Claire," she remarked. "Mr. Mordaunt is—is—almost a gentleman."

"Yes; almost!" assented Claire, absently. It was a pity Mr. Mordaunt Bapley could not hear her!

She ran upstairs as she spoke, and presently came down again with her hat on, and went round to the wing. She had got into the habit of going round there, or watching from the end of the terrace, and often Gerald was unaware that she was looking on; and that she was more frequently looking at him than at the work. Sometimes he took off his coat and lent a hand at the more dangerous portions of the demolition, and once or twice Claire had discovered that she was holding her breath as she watched him standing on the edge of one of the broken walls, with the stones falling from quite under his feet.

He was sitting on a heap of debris, smoking his pipe, when she came up that afternoon, and he rose with a capital affectation of indifferent, but respectful politeness. He had learnt to set a guard upon himself—like Mr. Mordaunt.

"How fast you are getting on!" said Claire.

"Yes; thanks to Mr. Lee," said Gerald, indicating the young builder, who touched his cap, and looked pleased as he moved away.

"A capital fellow!" said Gerald. "It was a rare piece of luck getting hold of him. But, then, I am lucky."

"Are you?" asked Claire, with a faint smile.

"Yes," he said. "When things are at their worst I always drop on my feet, Miss Sartoris."

He smiled, and, not for the first time, Claire noticed that he not only smiled with his lips, but with his eyes, and that they were very handsome and expressive at such times.

"I think we are rather astonishing the natives," he said, looking at the broken wing. "It takes their breath away. We shall begin rebuilding at the end of next week. I want it all, or nearly all, covered in before the winter is upon us."

Lee came back and spoke to him, and they went amongst the ruins. Claire stood looking up at the men at their work of demolition, and lost sight of Gerald for a moment or two, then she saw him standing near the old wall.

He had his back to it, and to her, and was giving some instructions to Lee, who had mounted to the roof.

Claire was thinking, half-unconsciously, how completely Gerald was master of the situation, that his very attitude, and the quiet ring of his musical voice, were eloquent of his self reliance, and she felt a slight thrill of admiration, the tribute which every woman pays to the strong man who is lord of himself and others.

Then, suddenly, the little pleasant glow was dispelled, for she saw, or fancied that she saw, the wall near which he stood, tremble and shake. Her heart leapt, and then seemed to cease beating for a moment. If the wall were to fall while he was standing there, it would come down upon him and kill him.

She tried to call to him, but, to her horror, her tongue seemed to refuse to answer her will. The terrible dumbness lasted only for a moment, but when she did call, her voice was drowned by the noise of the picks, and the falling stones, and did not reach him.

She saw the wall again quiver like a huge living thing—there was no fancy about it this time! And Gerald stood looking up at Lee, with a smile, and all unconscious of the doom that threatened him! She felt as if she could not move, as if she were rooted to the spot for a second that appeared an age to her, then she sprang forward, and had almost grasped his arm, when Gerald—as if he had been watching the wall all the time—quietly stepped back.

As he did so, the mass fell with a terrific noise. He smiled, and nodded approvingly, then heard a kind gasp behind him, and, turning sharply, found Claire at his elbow. One of the stones had rebounded, and fallen close to her feet, and, for the moment, he thought she had been struck.

His fear for her turned him sick and white, and he caught her arm and drew her back. As is the way with Gerald's kind of man, his emotion made him stern, and it was in a tone that sounded like passionate anger that he demanded—

"Why did you come so close! How could you be so imprudent! My God, the wall might have fallen upon you! Come back!"

Claire's face was deathly white, and the terror still lingered in her eyes as she raised them to his. But even when the color had come back, she did not show any resentment of his manner and speech. And she did not say, "I came to save you!"

Her eyes fell, and she stood quite silent. Gerald drew a long breath—his hand was still on her arm, and none too gently—and he wiped the sweat from his brow.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sartoris," he said. "I am afraid I was rough and unmannerly; but you gave me a nasty fright. Let me beg of you never to come so near again—never to pass that mark!" He dug his heel into the lawn. "I must ask you to promise me, please!" he added, with a touch of his former sternness.

Claire tried to smile, but the smile would not come. She felt his hand begin to tremble on her arm; and, perhaps, he was conscious that it was so trembling, for he withdrew it. But he still walked with tightly compressed lips, and a rather pale face, for her promise.

"I—promise," she said. And she said it almost meekly; the Claire Sartoris, mistress of Court Regna! "It was foolish; I thought——" She stopped and bit her lip.

"You thought it wasn't coming down just yet?" he said. "Oh, but it is never safe to trust a wall in that condition!"

"It doesn't matter what I thought," she said, with a faint smile. "I will not go so near again."

She turned from him as she spoke, and went—slowly—back to the house; but she passed quickly to her own room, and locking the door, "let herself go."

The restraint she had put upon herself broke down, and with her hands covering her face, she swayed to and fro like a stately pine buffeted by the wind.

She could still see him standing by the threatening wall; and she could still hear his stern voice, feel the hard grip of his hand.

The shadow of the terror she had endured, mingled with a vague mystical pleasure and delight that bewildered and frightened her by its strangeness.

He had been angry with her—and "bullied" her; but she knew that his anger had proved his regard for her safety, his consternation at her danger, and she felt no resentment.

After a while the reaction passed, and she sank into a chair in a kind of stupor, in which she kept asking herself whether she would have sprung towards the wall, as she had done, to save, say—one of the workmen?

Gerald also suffered from a reaction, and when she had disappeared, he stood looking at the building, as if he had lost all interest in it; as if, indeed, he rather hated it; and, after a time, he walked off.

He was scarcely conscious that he had spoken, grasped her, so roughly; he could only remember her terrible danger; and every now and then, as he strode along to the cottage, he took off his hat and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

When he got home he felt as if he could not remain indoors, as if the small room was not large enough for his quivering nerves. Presently he went down to the beach.

A boat belonging to Captain Hawker was dancing on the water near the shore, and, signing to the Captain, who was in his accustomed seat outside the cottage, for permission, he pulled her in by her chain and went on board.

A sail would do him good, blow all the nonsense out of him, and drive the remembrance of her great peril out of his mind.

He was setting the sail when he heard a step on the beach behind him, and, looking round, saw Claire. He raised his hat, paused a moment with the sail in his hand, then stepped ashore.

"I want to apologize for my——" he began, but Claire, with a swift rise of color, interrupted him—

"Do not speak of it," she said. "You were quite right. It does not matter. Are you going for a sail?"

"Yes," he said, accepting her refusal to hear more.

"It is a lovely evening," she said.

It seemed to him that she looked at the boat wistfully. Was it possible—— On the spur of the moment, almost without thinking, he said—

"Would you care to come, Miss Sartoris?"

Claire looked beyond him.

"Are you going far?" she asked, quietly, though her conscience whispered that she was wrong.

"As far as you like—I mean, I only intended running over to the Island and back."

He nodded to a small island called the Eaglet, which lay like a bird on the sea.

"I should like to come," said Claire, after a brief second or two.

"One moment," he said, in a matter-of-fact way.

He hoisted the sail, shipped the rudder and spread his coat over the seat.

"Now, if you will go round to the jetty, I will bring the boat, so that you can step in without wetting your feet."

He handed her in, and she sat in the stern, putting his coat aside.

"Better sit on that, please," he said; "the seat may be wet."

"It is quite dry," she said.

"You can steer? But, I beg your pardon, of course——"

Claire smiled.

"Oh, yes. There is a nice breeze."

He looked up at the sail, and nodded, as the boat skimmed along, and then looked at Claire, asking himself if she were really there, or whether he was dreaming! How had he summoned up the audacity to ask her?

Claire looked the picture of calm serenity—it is a way women have when they are doing anything wrong—and her calmness served to restore his self-possession.

"The boat is like an old friend," she said. "I used to go out in it with Captain Hawker when I was quite a girl."

"I thought you managed her as though you understood her," he remarked. "She is a good boat."

"One needs a good boat on this coast," said Claire.

He looked round.

"It looks calm enough," he said.

Claire smiled.

"It is one of the most treacherous places in England," she said. "A storm gets up here as quickly as the storm raised by Prospero's wand."

"Yes?" he said. "I have not seen one since I have been here. You know the Eaglet?" he went on, for the sake of saying something. He was still trying to grasp the fact that she was really sitting there within a few feet of him.

"Oh, yes! It is a delightful little place, all combes and caves, and crowded by sea birds. We used to come nesting here—Captain Hawker and his daughter Lucy and I—and I remember how I used to fancy that I should like to live there, in Robinson Crusoe fashion, away from everybody."

She spoke absently, almost dreamily, and he leaned forward, resting his chin on his hands, his eyes fixed on her face.

"That sounds nicer than it really would be," he said. "I have tried it, and, like friend Robinson, I think solitude on an island is only agreeable when there is someone to share it. I was shipwrecked on one of the Pacific islands when I was a lad, and it was the most unromantic and uncomfortable time I ever spent.

She, too, leant forward a little, her eyes fixed upon him with an interested expression.

"Were you there long?"

"Not very. Four days."

He began to tell her about it, and she was so absorbed that she neglected her steering, and was suddenly recalled to it by a sudden puff of wind and the jibing of the sail.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," she said, almost meekly. "That was my fault!"

"Not at all," he said, mendaciously, and in rather a preoccupied fashion, for, as he looked up, he saw an ugly cloud coming up from the west.

Claire followed the direction of his eyes.

"There is going to be a storm," she said, easily.

He bit his moustache.

"I'm afraid there is," he said. "I hope it won't rain."

"It will not matter so far as I am concerned," she said, glancing at her serge dress.

He shook his head, gravely.

A moment or two afterwards the rain he dreaded began; the cloud grew thicker and darkened the sky, and the wind began to rise in a threatening way.

He leant forward, and, taking up his jacket, put it round her.

"No!" she said, very quietly. "Please put it on! My dress is nearly, if not quite, waterproof."

He saw that she wished it; and he slipped the coat on. The wind grew fiercer and the rain heavier, and, calling himself a careless idiot for not studying the weather before asking her to accompany him, he looked from the island to the mainland uncertainly.

"I don't know what to do!" he said, at last.

"Go on," she said, quietly. "It would be rather risky to turn now, while the storm lasts."

He looked down. Was she fated to run a double risk in one day through his carelessness? Claire leant back, grasping the tiller firmly, and, keeping the boat in a straight line for the island. She was apparently quite regardless of the rain.

"You are getting fearfully wet!" he said. "And to think that I might have put my mackintosh in the boat."

"It is of no consequence," she said, easily.

The wind had brought a warm tint to her face. Her eyes were glowing.

"It is like the old days," she said presently. "It is so long since I have been on the sea in a storm."

"It might have been kind enough to have kept fine," he said. "Here is the island. Hadn't we better run her into the creek, and go ashore? There would be some shelter in one of those caves."

"Very well," she said.

As she ran the boat into the little haven the heavens seemed to open, the thunder broke with a deafening roar, and a flash of lightning rent the darkness, which was almost as that of night.

Gerald jumped with the anchor, and, standing up to his middle in water, drew the boat ashore.

"Now, quick!" he said.

She stood poised for a moment on the gunwale, like a bird ready for flight—the resemblance struck Gerald even at that moment—then gave him her hand, and he almost lifted her to the beach.

"Run to that cave!" he said.

He forced the anchor down with his foot and followed her. The cave was but a small opening in the rocks, and there was barely room for them both to stand in it, and Gerald remained outside.

"Oh, come in!" she said, almost impatiently, a clap of thunder partly drowning her voice.

He went in, and they stood side by side. They were sheltered from the rain, but not from the wind, which seemed blowing from all points of the compass.

"It is taking longer than I thought," she said, venturing to peep out.

It proved an incautious movement, and the wind, taking advantage of it, swept her hat from her head.

"That is gone for ever," she said. "No, please let it go; you could not get it!" for Gerald had made a movement as if to pursue it. "There it is, in the sea."

As she spoke she put her hand to her head, for the hat had taken some mysterious pins and fastenings with it, and her hair was coming down.

Her color rose, and she laughed. She seemed at this moment just a wild schoolgirl, excited by the wind and the storm; quite a different person to Miss Sartoris, of Court Regna.

Gerald looked at her. The storm was thrilling through him—and something other than the storm.

She stood so close to him that the sleeve of her dress brushed against his arm; the exquisite face was within a few inches of his own.

As she stood with one hand holding her jacket close, the other up to her head, she spoke a few words now and again; but he was silent, and presently she grew silent also, as if the storm and the darkness were beginning to affect her.

"It is very weird," she said, at last.

And he fancied that there was something constrained in her voice, as if she were growing nervous.

"It will be over directly," he said, encouragingly. "Are you getting cold? If you would only let me put my coat round you! It is of no earthly use to me!"

"No, no!" she said, in a low voice. "I wish it would not lighten so! It makes the darkness immediately afterwards so——"

Her voice broke suddenly, for something had rushed from just above their heads into the open air, with a wild, unearthly shriek.

She uttered a sharp cry, and completely unnerved and unconscious of what she was doing, moved swiftly to him, and, putting her hand on his shoulders, hid her face on his breast.

His arm went round her, in a moment as unconscious as her own; he felt her hair, released from her hand, sweep like silk across his lips; and his face grew white under its tan as he set his teeth hard.

He could feel her trembling, quivering, with nervous terror as her hands clung to him, and the desire in his heart to bend his head and kiss her, to whisper, "I love you!" was almost irresistible.

But he set his teeth still harder, his face grew stern, and his voice sounded almost harsh as he said, with laboring breath:—

"Don't be alarmed; it is only a frightened sea gull!"

His voice seemed to recall her scattered senses. With a little shudder and a gasp, she looked—not up at him, but over her shoulder. Her hands dropped to her side, and she drew away from him, gathering her hair together. Then she looked at him as if scarcely realizing his presence—as if she were quite unconscious that she had, only a moment ago, clung to him for protection.

"It—startled me!" she said, panting. "Why, you look scared, too!" she said, laughing.

It was evident that under the stress of the moment she was, in very truth, unconscious of having flown to him.

"Yes," he said, trying to speak lightly, but feeling as if every word was wrung from him. "It—is—all right; see, it is clearing now."

He put his hand to his lips uncertainly, for it seemed to him as if her hair was still upon them with its unconscious but maddening caress.

CHAPTER XI.

THE storm began to clear away almost as rapidly as it had gathered. Gerald stole a glance at Claire's face; it was quite free from embarrassment, and though without a trace of color, quite unclouded, though her brows were rather straight.

It was evident that she did not know in the very least degree that she had flung herself upon his heart, and yet there was a vague sense of something having happened during that moment or two when the heavens were rent by the lightning. And Gerald was relieved, indeed glad, that it should be so.

He was quiver with the sense of his close contact with her, and his heart, against which hers had beat so wildly—like an imprisoned bird beating affrightedly against its cage—throbbing tumultuously.

At that moment he knew that he loved her fully and passionately, so passionately that his lips trembled still from the caress of her hair, so truly that he almost resolved to go away from Court Regna for a time, until he had fought down his hopeless love and subdued it.

For it was hopeless! Here was he, an adventurer, as he had called himself, well-nigh penniless, in love with the mistress of Court Regna! It was worse than absurd. He called his pride to his aid as he stood there- his arm touched hers—and laughed himself bitterly to scorn for a presumptuous idiot.

The sooner he got his work done and cleared out of Court Regna the better for his happiness and peace of mind.

"It seems to have cleared," he said, at last, and speaking in quite a matter of fact tone.

They went down to the boat, and as it was rocking a great deal, he got in, and holding it fast, put out his disengaged hand for her.

"Rest your arm on my shoulder, Miss Sartoris," he said. "A false step would be awkward for you."

Claire laughed softly. "I have had to clamber on board in worse seas than this," she said, and, just touching his hand, she sprang, lightly as a feather into her place. She shipped the anchor and put the boat round, and she was soon skimming homewards.

"I am afraid you will be late for dinner," he said, "and I know you must be very wet."

"It doesn't matter in the least," she responded. "I told Mrs. Laxton that I was going for a long walk—I intended going to one of the farms, but I strayed towards the beach instead—and she will think that I have been waiting for the storm—as I have been; and we shall be dry before we get home. I am afraid I have given you a great deal of trouble."

"Not at all!" he said, promptly, and with a politeness which was grimly and absurdly incongruous with the state of his feelings. "I am sorry it didn't keep fine."

There was a silence for some minutes as he busied himself with the sail, and Claire watched him dreamily. The vague sense that, in some way, they had become close friends, haunted her; and, combined with this, was the consciousness that she was strangely happy and content, notwithstanding that she was wet and late for dinner, and ought to be anxious and concerned at keeping Mary Laxton waiting so long.

She would have been astonished, and not a little affronted if anyone had told her that her happiness and contentment sprang from the fact of Gerald's presence, for Claire, unlike most girls of her age, knew little of love.

She had lived so lonely a life with the old lord, had met so few men, and was so ignorant of the art of flirtation and the cultivation of sentiment, that it never occurred to her that she was—to put it very mildly—taking a very deep interest in Mr. Gerald Wayre, and that she found it pleasant to look at him, that she admired, with a warm admiration, his self-reliance and strength of body and character.

She did not guess that his lips had kissed her hair, that he was at that moment throbbing with a strong man's passion for her.

Gerald found it difficult to keep up a conversation of common-places, and he began to hum, half unconsciously. Claire listened dreamily for a time, then she said—

"What is that you are singing?"

He started slightly. "Was I singing? I beg your pardon, I didn't know. Let me see, what was it? Oh, an Indian song."

"It sounded rather pretty," said Claire, "sing it louder; do you mind?"

"Certainly," said Gerald. "I'm afraid I can't translate the words, and they will sound awful gibberish."

Raising his voice only just sufficiently for it to reach her, he sang the song. It was a plaintive Sioux chant, and the Indian words were quaintly musical.

He had a capital voice, a clear and flexible tenor, and Claire listened with delighted surprise. There seemed nothing this young man could not do! A faint smile curved her lips, as she leant forward with her chin resting on her hand, her violet eyes resting on his face turned sideways to hear as he watched the sail.

"That is beautiful!" she said, as the last notes died away. "It sounds quite pathetic. What does it mean?"

"Oh, it is the song of the hunter, and is addressed to his sweetheart. I have heard the young braves sing it outside the wigwams just before they were starting for a big hunt. It is a kind of serenade, and the hunter promises, if the big horse—meaning the buffalo—spares him, to return with plenty of furs and skins to lay at the feet of his beloved. The metre of the song is that of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." Artemus Ward says:—

"'Injins is pisen;' and so they generally are, but there is just a little romance about them now and again."

"I should like to have an English translation," said Claire.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be much use my

trying," he said, regretfully. "I haven't the literary instinct, I'm sorry to say."

"Will you sing something else?" she said, after a pause. "It is delightful on the water."

"He was too wise to sing a sentimental ditty in English, and he chose a Canadian boating song, and sang it quietly, as he had done before.

"You have a good voice, Mr. Wayre," said Claire, absently. "I am sorry Mrs. Lexton is not here; she is so fond of music, and would be delighted with those two songs. Perhaps you will be so kind as to come up to the Court some evening and sing for her?"

"She is sorry Mrs. Lexton is not here!" thought Gerald, miserably. "But of course she is! Why shouldn't she be? I am a fool to know that I am nothing but 'Mr. Wayre, my architect,' to her!"

"I shall be very pleased, Miss Sartoris," he said, aloud. "Why, what is that?" he added.

They were nearing the pier, and he saw a carriage standing on it.

"It looks like the Court carrrige," said Claire, carelessly. "Yes, it is."

"We are nearly home now," he said, with a half-unconscious sigh.

"Yes," she assented. "I have enjoyed the sail very much, and I am very much obliged to you."

"Don't mention it," he said, with a queenly attempt at a smile.

As she steered the boat alongside the landing, Mr. Mordaunt Tapley came down the steps. It was evident that he had been waiting for them.

"I saw that you had been caught in the storm, Miss Sartoris," he said, "and I ventured to send up to the Court for the carriage."

"Oh, thank you," said Claire, pleasantly. She felt happy enough that evening to be pleasant—even to Mr. Mordaunt. "It was very kind of you."

"I knew you must be wet, and I thought you would like to get home quickly. There are some wraps in the carriage."

"Oh, but I am not cold, thank you," said Claire.

"It is—or—rather risky sailing, this weather," he said, as he offered his hand to help her out, and he glanced with a sullen resentment at Gerald, who was letting down the sail, and had not offered her his.

"But it was quite fine when we started," said Claire; "and it has been a very pleasant sail." And she looked with a smile at Gerald; but his face was turned away from her, and was set impassively. It almost looked as if he were glad to resign her to Mr. Mordaunt.

"At any rate, it would have been better if you had had some waterproofs with you," said Mordaunt. "You run the risk of a severe cold, Miss Sartoris."

Claire laughed softly.

"You forget that I am used to our Downshire climate, Mr. Mordaunt," she said. "And we were under shelter during the storm."

Still Gerald did not speak, and with a slight compression of her lips, she said—

"Good evening, Mr. Wayre, and thank you," and turned away. Mr. Mordaunt conducted her to the carriage and would have enveloped her in wraps, but Claire smilingly refused them, and he stood bareheaded until the carriage drove away. Then he went down to the landing, and, after watching Gerald roll up the sail, said—

"I'm afraid Miss Sartoris is very wet."

Gerald was not in the humor at that moment for much of Mr. Mordaunt Tapley, and he answered rather shortly.

"I'm afraid so."

"Wouldn't it have been as well if you—er—had taken a proper boatman and some mackintoshes, Mr. Wayre?" said Mordaunt, in a condescending fashion, which settled Gerald almost beyond endurance.

"Should you call me an improper boatman?" he said, with a dangerous smile.

"My good sir, I am quite competent to manage a boat. But you are right about the mackintoshes," he said. "I was an idiot to forget them."

"It would not have mattered if you had been alone," continued Mordaunt. "But Miss Sartoris is a lady——"

"So I always thought," said Gerald, with a cheerfulness which was even more dangerous and misleading than his smile. "As you are standing there you may as well catch hold of that rope and make it fast. Thanks. Fine evening now, isn't it? By George, it's later than I thought!"

"Yes, rather too late for a lady to be on the water in this weather," said Mordaunt.

"And I shall get a scolding from Miss Lucy for spoiling a meal," continued Gerald.

At this innocent remark Mordaunt paused on the brink of another exasperating sentence, and, with a sudden accession of color and a suspicious glance from under his brows at Gerald, started up the steps.

Gerald slept little that night, and when he fell into a restless doze, he dreamed that he was standing in the cave with Miss Sartoris's hands on his shoulders, and her heart beating against his, and that Mordaunt Tapley—of all persons in the world—was attempting to drag them apart, and that at last he succeeded.

In the morning he found that his coat was still wet, but he did not send it down to be dried; instead, he hung it near the window, and, having done so, stood for a moment looking at it, and thinking that a few hours since, it had been round the woman he must teach himself not to love or remember.

When he went down to the Court he felt that he should like to send in and ask if Miss Sartoris had caught cold, but he resisted his desire. All the same, he found himself looking out for her all through the morning, and felt a dull ache of disappointment because she did not come. It was a busy morning and Lee came to consult him frequently.

"We'd better begin pulling down the rest, Mr. Wayre," he said, "but there's the furniture still in your rooms."

"That's all right," said Gerald, rousing himself. "I'll get it moved into the adjoining rooms directly. In fact, I'll move it myself."

He went up to the room—the others on the ground floor had been cleared—and set to work. Miss Sartoris had given him permission to convey the furniture into a room of the new house adjoining the old, and he began to carry in the chairs and smaller articles first.

When he came to the bureau he found it was in two parts, and in lifting the top, two or three old papers fell to the ground. They had either dropped from the drawer, at the end of which they had caught, and so been overlooked by Mr. Sapley, or from a secret depository. One looked like a receipt, the others were papers folded lengthways; all of them had evidently been in the bureau some time.

He scarcely glanced at them, and thrust them into his pocket intending to give them to Mr. Sapley or Miss Sartoris, whichever he chanced to see first; and he was carrying in the hangings when the door opened and Claire entered.

The blood flew to Gerald's face for a moment, then left it as pale as his tan would permit. She did not change color, but a smile—to him it seemed a heavenly smile—dawned on her face.

"Oh, why did you not have some of the servants to do this?" she said.

"It wasn't necessary," he said. "It has taken very little time. I hope you have not caught cold from yesterday's wetting, Miss Sartoris?"

"Oh, no, no," she said, and she smiled again. It seemed to him that there was a new note in her voice, one still more musical than of old; but he thought that it was a fancy on his part, born of his newly discovered love.

"I am not in the least worse. And have you carried all those things in yourself? Let me help you," and she went to some of the hangings he had thrown on a chair.

"No, please don't," he said quickly. "They are smothered with dust and—" he glanced at the beautiful morning frock. She hesitated, then her hands fell to her side, and she stood watching him.

"There is no chance of a storm to-day," she said, presently. "Mrs. Lexton and I are going to drive to a flower show at Thraxton. At least," she added, more gravely, "she will see the show, but I shall remain in the carriage, of course." Lord Wharton's death was too recent to permit of her appearing in public. She looked round the room. "Is it all clear now?"

"Yes. Oh, by the way, I found some papers, Miss Sartoris; they tumbled out of the old bureau."

He took them from his pocket and held them out to her.

"Mr. Sapley must have overlooked them when he cleared out the things."

She took the papers and glanced at them indifferently.

"I suppose they belong to him," she said. "I will give them to him; or, perhaps," she added, with a little laugh; "you will not mind taking charge of them. If I take them, I shall be sure to put them somewhere and forget them."

"Certainly," he said, as he replaced them in his pocket. "Most ladies will do that."

She smiled, and moved toward the door, but lingered, looking out of the window, then, as if she had suddenly remembered, she said, "Oh, Mr. Wayre, I told Mrs. Lexton of your singing, and she—I—will be so glad if you will come and dine with us, this evening. Will you?"

The invitation was given in the frankest and simplest way, and Gerald, with a leap of the heart, and forgetting all his resolutions, was about to accept as simply, when he remembered something else, and quietly said—

"Thank you very much, Miss Sartoris, but I am afraid I shall not be able to come."

The faintest shade of disappointment, not unmixed with surprise, crossed her face. "You will be—busy?" she said, a little coldly.

"No," he said, frankly, and with a second's hesitation. "The fact is, Miss Sartoris, I don't possess an evening suit."

Claire's face cleared, and she laughed softly.

"I don't think Mrs. Lexton will mind, and I am sure I shall not," she said, with a little touch of pleasant contempt in her voice. "If that is your only reason for declining, pray come. I am afraid you will find it dull——"

"No, I shall not find it dull," he said, almost abruptly; the prospect opened to him like a glimpse of Paradise! "I shall be glad to come."

"Eight o'clock, then," she said. "And you will bring some music?"

He laughed and shook his head. "What little I possess, I carry in my head," he said.

"What a funny place to keep it," she said, with a touch of girlish playfulness which thrilled him.

It seemed to him as if he should never know her, or exhaust the "infinite variety" of her charms. She went, leaving the room, to his fancy, echoing with the sweetness of her laugh, radiant with the reflection of her loveliness.

He went about for the remainder of the day like a man in a dream. The evening shone before his mental vision with rays of gold. To spend two, say three, hours with her! Lee and the men noticed the rapt look on his face, and one man said to another:—

"He's a rare fine-looking gentleman, Mr. Wayre, bean't he?"

When he came home he took out all his clothes, and put them under a severe inspection, and after the most profound and anxious consideration, chose a dark serge suit as being the nearest approach to evening dress. Then he folded up the others, and put them back into the portmanteau, and with them the coat he had worn that day.

And he quite forgot the papers which were still in the pocket of his coat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMAN SOUND TRAVELS.—Eighteen miles is the longest distance on record at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the grand canon of the Colorado, where a man shouting the name of Bob at one end, his voice was plainly heard at the other, which is eighteen miles away.

Lieutenant Foster, on Peary's third Arctic expedition, found that he could converse with a man across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of 6,090 feet, or about one mile and a quarter.

Sir John Franklin said he conversed with ease at a distance of more than one mile.

Dr. Young records that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles.

Sound has remarkable force in water Colladon by experiments made in the Lake of Geneva, estimated that a bell submerged in the sea might be heard at a distance of more than sixty miles.

Franklin says he heard the striking together of two stones in the water half a mile away. Over water or a surface of ice sound is propagated with greater clearness and strength.

Dr. Hutton relates that on a quiet part of the Thames, near Chelsea, he could hear a person read distinctly at a distance of 140 feet, while away from the water the same could only be heard at 75 feet.

Persons in a balloon can hear voices from the earth a long time after they themselves are inaudible to people below.

NOTHING is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to good reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general, undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.

Bric-a-Brac.

IN CHINA.—The Chinese ladies wear in their bodices little dwarf fir trees, which, by a carefully adjusted system of starvation, have been reduced to the size of button hole flowers. These remain fresh and evergreen in their dwarf state for a number of years, just as fir trees in mountains are evergreen, and thus are excellent symbols of perpetuity of love, to express which they are used to by the ladies of the highest rank in the Celestial Empire.

ONLY TWICE ROUND.—They were standing before a large elephant and remarking on its great bulk when the colonel asked, "How far round is that animal's foot, do you think?" "Just half his height, whatever that may be," was the reply of the man to whom the question had been addressed. At first sight it seems incredible that the answer given was a correct one—that twice round the animal's foot equaled its height; yet such is the fact, and a little reflection will show that it is not so wonderful a one as it appears to be. Things are large or small comparatively, and if we could present a far different appearance as to size from what it gives when overshadowed by the mountain of flesh it supports.

CONVERSING WITH FLOWERS.—Young people in Tahiti (an island in the Pacific) have a custom of conversing with flowers, not unlike the Orientals. If a coolness has sprung up between a young pair, the female will separate a flower partially down the centre. One half of the split flower is intended to represent the man, and the other half the woman, and it is meant typically to imply that, though separate bodies, they are joined together at the heart. If the lover puts the flower in his hair, it is a sign that he wishes to preserve her favor; but if he tears it asunder it is a token that he has lost his regard for her, and wishes to be entirely separated.

FACTS ABOUT DAHLIAS.—Dahlias are of Mexican origin, and were first introduced into Germany by Dahl, and were called dahlias in honor of the man who cultivated them. They were, when discovered, quite single, having only one ray of petals about a golden centre, the colors being scarlet, yellow and white. The Germans were the first to attempt doubling them, and the dahlias were so prized by royalty, and so jealously guarded, that those in charge of them were sworn to secrecy as to their cultivation. In a few years semi-double dahlias appeared, and ultimately the perfect double dahlia was was obtained which sold for 25 dollars a plant. Dahl himself is said to have netted a very large sum in two years from his crops.

"PIN MONEY."—This is an expression that came into common usage at a time when a dozen or perhaps two dozen of these articles were considered an almost perilously extravagant annual allowance. This quantity was considered a luxurious supply for any lady, and quite capable of sustaining and upholding all those attachable and detainable antagonistic elements of apparel that made our grand-dames both picturesquely beautiful and inexpressibly uncomfortable. Pins were costly articles in those days, and it is scarcely possible that the happy possessor of two dozen pins a year ever gave sufficient range to her imagination to picture the happy time when her descendant should strew the earth with thousands a year, not counting the cost. A pin was not always a trifle, as the want of one when it is beyond reach proves to us, even in their abundance.

THE POTTERY TREE.—One of the most peculiar vegetable products of Brazil is the pottery tree. This tree attains a height of one hundred feet, and has a slender trunk, which seldom exceeds a foot in diameter at the base. The wood is exceedingly hard, and contains a very large amount of silica, but not so much as does the bark, which is largely employed as a source of silica for the manufacture of pottery. In preparing the bark for the potter's use, it is first burned, and the residue is then pulverized and mixed with clay in the proper proportion. With an equal quantity of the two ingredients a superior quality of earthenware is produced. This is very durable, and is capable of withstanding any amount of heat. The natives employ it for all kinds of culinary purposes. When fresh, the bark cuts like soft sandstone, and the presence of the silex may be readily ascertained by grinding a piece of the bark between the teeth. When dry, it is generally brittle, though sometimes difficult to break. After being burned it cannot, if of good quality, be broken up between the fingers, a mortar and a pestle being required to properly crush it.

EFFORT.

BY S. C.

'Tis not enough to tune the lyre,
And wait for harmonies to come.
God sendeth not celestial fire
When human hearts are cold and numb.

'Tis not enough to calmly wait
That quickening dew should on us fall,
To vaguely long for what is great,
While still pursuing what is small.

'Tis not enough with tears of woe
To weep for all the world's distress,
The drops that from inaction flow
Nor us, nor other lives will bless.

'Tis not enough the love to take
That other hearts on ours outpour;
The soul is only kept awake
By giving something from its store.

'Tis not enough with drooping wing
And aimless feet to walk this earth,
Effort alone can blessing bring
And crown the soul with sov'reign worth.

A DOUBTED FAITH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRYING EXPERIENCE," "BY CROOKED PATHS" "A BURIED CRIME," "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL."

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

"OH, I daresay Bob will manage it; the Colonel has promised to do what he can!"

"Look, Miss Olive," said Farquhar, as Christine came into view, accompanied by a shortish man with a sun-browned resolute face, and iron-gray hair; "there is Miss Christie's new adorer."

"What, that elderly little man!" exclaimed Olive in surprise.

"Elderly little man indeed!" he returned indignantly. "At any rate the women are all dying for a chance to speak to him. Ledbitter, V. C., is the big gun here to-day; and he's an awfully taking fellow too when he gives himself the trouble."

"Chris seems to be getting on all right with him," said Olive.

"I should think she is!" answered Farquhar, watching Christine's animated face as she introduced her companion to her mother, and then moved off a few steps to a neighboring chair, with him still in attendance.

"Miss Olive," he said again, presently; "your sister is pointing you out to her V. C. He is looking straight at you. I can guess what she is saying—'the happy looking little girl with the pretty fair hair'—these girls are remarkable for the good opinion they have of one another, Miss Conway."

Miss Conway smiled and looked at Olive, as if she did not find it very difficult to understand.

"Oh, he is going to sit down to his work now!" continued Farquhar, as Colonel Ledbitter looked round in search of another chair, and seated himself next to Christie, with the air of a man who is setting himself for a good long spell. "He is going in for a regular flirtation! Won't Christie be stuck up after this?"

"Look at Mrs. Weston!" said Olive. "What is she going to do?"

She had detached herself from her little knot of danglers, and was crossing the lawn towards the corner where Christine and Ledbitter were evidently deep in an interesting conversation.

"This is getting exciting," murmured Farquhar, watching the scene in a series of quick side glances. "Do you think she will pull Miss Christie's hair down; or will she content herself with telling the Colonel that he has chosen the most shameless flirt in Millchester for his afternoon's amusement. She's capable of either."

"She is dressed most beautifully," said Miss Conway, looking Mrs. Weston over critically; "but she is not nice, is she? Look how she is turning her shoulder on your sister! There, she has edged herself right in between them! And now of course he offers his chair, and Miss Golightly is shut out on her other side."

But this sort of thing lasted only a very few seconds. Ledbitter apparently took in the situation at a glance, and moved across to Christine's side.

"The sun is in your eyes, Miss Golightly," he said. "Let me move your chair a little."

And the next moment the two ladies were facing each other, and Ledbitter was between them, with his hand resting on the back of Christine's chair, so that to address him it was necessary to turn towards Christine also.

"Bravo!" muttered Farquhar, under his breath. "He is too sharp at tactics for you, my dear Fanny. I'd go and smack him on the back if I thought he'd take it kindly."

"It must be very uncomfortable for Chris," Olive said, looking rather disturbed. "I don't think she will enjoy the position much."

"Well, now, I just think she will!" returned Farquhar, with a glimmer of delight in his eye. "Dear Fanny has evidently made up her mind to give Miss Chris a public setting down, and Chris will enjoy showing her that it can't be done."

But Olive still looked anxious; and, when Doctor Robertson came over presently, she asked him if he would mind telling Chris that she wanted to speak to her, when she had a minute to spare.

"It is a shame to interrupt the play," said Farquhar, as the good-natured Doctor went off on his mission; "I don't believe she'll come."

But he was wrong. Chris rose at once when she received Olive's message.

"Olive wants me," she said. "I will go directly."

"May I come too?" asked Ledbitter, as Doctor Robertson claimed Mrs. Weston's attention for a moment. "I should like to know your sister, if you don't think I shall be in the way?"

"Well, you have done it now!" whispered Farquhar, in a very paroxysm of suppressed glee, as Chris and Ledbitter approached them. "Dear Fanny will declare that you plotted the whole thing beforehand."

Olive could not answer, for Chris was already in front of her, going through the ceremony of introduction.

Farquhar, standing a little in the background for the first minute or two, was watching Christine's face. She was animated as usual, and a little flushed, which was excusable in the circumstances, but behind the animation and the flush of pleasure there was something in her face he had never seen there before.

It was as if some hitherto hidden feeling had been stirred within her; and there was a touch of unconscious dignity about her too, which suited her admirably, and in no way clashed with the vivacity of speech and feature which was one of her greatest attractions.

In that moment of quiet observation Farquhar formed a certain conclusion; and, if he sighed for himself with one breath, he was glad for her with the next, and hoped with all his heart that the whole thing might come through all right.

"For now she is smitten," he was saying to himself, "it will go hard with her I shouldn't wonder. One comfort is the man himself is one of the right sort. He won't fool about for a week or two, for the fun of the thing, and then find out that he didn't know his own mind. If he starts the run at all he'll go through with it to the finish."

If the weather kept fine it was a generally understood thing at Mrs. Topham's garden parties that the young people should dance for an hour or so in the cool of the evening if they had set their hearts very much on it.

And this dancing was inaugurated in the most informal manner imaginable by the appearance of the piano under the verandah outside the drawing-room window and by the sound of a popular waltz.

A little to Olive's surprise Conway had kept rather aloof from her during the afternoon, but she had been too busy to feel more than an occasional touch of wonder; for Mrs. Topham had made free use of her services, as much perhaps to show how thoroughly at home the Golightlys were in her house as for any other reason.

But, when the tennis was over, the nets were cleared away, the sun was down, and the first cool touch of the evening air was reanimating people's spirits, Conway sought out Olive, posted himself at her side, and waited patiently until Major Denzil had carried Miss Conway off into the house, where a delightful meal, a combination of tea, dinner, and supper, was being served; and then, finding Olive unoccupied for a moment, Conway took her away to a raised terrace at the farther end of the garden, and sat down with her in the cool for a few minutes' rest.

"What a jolly afternoon it has been!" he said. "Mrs. Topham is delighted at the way it has gone; she says it is mainly due to you girls."

"I am very glad!" Olive answered. "She has been such an angel to us that it is a very great pleasure to be able to do the least thing in return."

"Oh, yes, she is enchanted!" he said again. "And she gave me a little praise too, Miss Olive."

"You?"

"Yes," he repeated, nodding and smiling down at her pretty upturned face; "you must know that Mrs. Topham put me on my good behavior this afternoon, and, though it deprived me of a great deal of happiness, it gave you and Ida a better chance to make one another's acquaintance."

"But why?" asked Olive, looking a little puzzled, and yet flushing faintly at something in the look in his dark eyes which she did not quite understand. "How could your good behavior influence your sister's acquaintance with me."

"Because Mrs. Topham asked me not to monopolise you during the afternoon; she begged me not to be greedy—to let your sweetness be disturbed for the public good, instead of absorbing it selfishly for my own delight."

"As if I should have allowed you to do anything of the sort!" she said, with a touch of assumed indignation. "You are a very conceited young man, I think, to have imagined such a thing possible!"

He laughed gently, and laid a hand on the wristband of her loose sleeve.

"I have felt so proud of you all this afternoon! Quite a motherly sort of pride, you know. Whenever I caught sight of you or your sisters, I said to myself, 'There goes one of my gowns.' They are quite a success, aren't they?"

"Yes, they turned out very well.

"I never saw Miss Golightly look so well in anything. White suits her. I have only seen her in black before."

"But Monny is happier than usual to-night; perhaps that has something to do with it. Mr. Haynes is here, you know."

"Yes; I have had the pleasure of an introduction. He seems a pleasant sort of fellow."

"He is, awfully; but Chris and I don't think him good enough for Monny."

"Well, that idea occurred to me too; but then who would be good enough for any of you, if it comes to that?"

"Oh, that is nonsense!" she cried, with a gay little laugh. "It is only that Walford Haynes is such a dry-as-dust sort of person, and Monica has such a lovely character and mind. Nobody outside her own family knows just what our Monny is. There is nothing out of the common about Chris or me."

"I think there is a very great deal! I think you are just the most uncommon girls I know. And," he added with a sudden vigor—"and that is just the bother, you know."

"The bother?" she echoed inquiringly.

"Why, yes. You see it is this way—if an every-day sort of fellow falls in love with an ordinary commonplace sort of girl he feels no hesitation about going straight ahead and telling her so; but, if he is such an idiot as to care for a girl of your stamp, it needs such a confounded lot of cheek to screw his courage to the sticking point. That was what I thought the other day, when Farquhar and I came in and found you so busy over those dresses, and looking so lovely over it all the time. It seemed to me downright presumption that men of our type should think of asking girls of yours to marry them."

"Well, they don't—not often," she said, with an embarrassed little laugh.

That curious steady look in his handsome brown eyes was beginning to undermine her presence of mind. She was becoming worried without quite knowing why; the only clear thought she was conscious of was a wish that she was safe back among the other people, whose laughter and voices came through the high laurel-hedge behind her. This feeling increased so quickly that she rose from her seat with some foolish idea of flight.

"I think I am rested now," she said; "shall we go back?"

"I wish you would wait just a couple of minutes longer," he said quietly; "there is something I wanted to say to you, and I don't feel as if I could say it in a hurry."

"Well, won't another time do as well then?" she begged, with a pleading little air.

"Must it be said to-day? Can't you wait? I could spare you a full half-hour to-morrow. She shall bring Miss Conway to see our dear old garden, and then you can say this wonderful say in peace. Wait till to-morrow."

"I hardly think that would work," he returned, imploringly, in his turn; and then he caught the nervous fingers in his and bent down until his face was on a level with hers.

"I believe you have guessed what it is I want to say," he whispered eagerly, trying to see her eyes—"I believe you know—Olive? I'm sure you do? You cruel little darling, torment me with your mite little suggestions to wait, when you know as well as I that it is the rarest chance in the world to find you alone for a minute or two.

"What are you going to say to me, dear? You will be merciful to me now, won't you, and put me out of my misery? Or, perhaps, since you've guessed my question, you will let me return the compliment and guess your answer—will you, Olive?"

"I think," said Olive, half laughing even now—"I think it would be only fair if you put your question into words, before you venture to guess my answer. Suppose—I had made—a—mistake?"

"That's rubbish!" he said, with a very happy laugh, and stooped boldly and kissed her, then seated himself, laughing still, on the elbow of her garden chair and slipped his hand within her arm. "As if there could be any mistake about it, you know! Haven't I been over head and ears in love with you ever since the day I called on you with Mrs. Weston? And hasn't all the world known it? If it has not it must be a singularly dense world, that is all I can say, for I've made no pretence at hiding my hopeless state. Do you remember that I carried the sewing machine over to the corner for you that day, Olive? That was when I fell in love with you. I'd never cared for blue eyes before in my life, dear; but when you looked up at me—— Oh, bother! Here are some people coming along the path. Do you think it is light enough for them to see how ridiculously happy we both look?"

"I think it would be safer not to give them a chance," she answered dimpling and smiling at his delightful audacity. "Let us meet them."

"Tell me first that you really are happy," he said; "that you never were so in all your life. I never was, Olive!"

"And I never was either—Bob," she answered, with a shy delightful pause before his name, which made him long to take her bodily in his arms in full view of the advancing people—"never in my life!" She stopped, with a sudden pang of remorse. "Oh, poor Chris!" she cried in a tragic whisper. "How shall I ever tell her! She and I had promised each other never to—to—to——"

"Well?"

"Treason!" he said, pressing her arm closely. "I have a good mind to kiss you before these people as a punishment! No, by Jove!" he added, as the voices sounded nearer. "It is Mrs. Weston and some one else. I would not give her a chance to say anything spiteful of you for a king's ransom! Come, my darling, we will pass them. She would love to go back and say she had left us flirting in this quiet little corner."

As they came down the path, Mrs. Weston, sitting on a chair half-way down, turned to look at them. There was ample room for them to pass, but as they advanced she drew the skirt of her dress back, as if she were afraid they might tread on it. Conway saw the action, but stifled his indignation. Olive would be above all such petty insults in a very short time, and meanwhile the best course was quiet indifference.

It was later in the evening. Chris had been playing a set of waltzes. It was so dusky now that the dancers could no longer see their partners' faces without stooping close to them. People were scarcely so vivacious as they had been earlier in the day, but, judging by as much as could be seen of them, they appeared to be exceedingly happy, and as Christie's final chords died away on the soft air, and the dancers paused, there was a general air of pleasant languor and dreamy enjoyment among them.

"Your playing is too good to be danced to, Christie," said Major Denzil, pausing for a moment with his partner by the piano. "One wants to listen to the music, instead of dancing to it."

"I would rather listen to her singing, though," remarked Mrs. Robertson, who was talking with Colonel Ledbitter in the corner of the verandah behind the piano. "I wish Mrs. Topham would ask you to sing us just one song, Christie. Do you know where she is, Major Denzil?"

"I am here, my dear," said Mrs. Topham from the open window. "What do you want me to do? Ask Christie Golightly to sing? Will you, Chris, dear? You aren't breathless just now. Shall I play for you? What will you sing? 'Summer Night?' I don't think you must trust me with that without the music. Where is Monica? She is the accompanist."

"There she is on the lawn," Denzil said: "I will fetch her."

The people came flocking round as Monny took her seat. Christine had sung at one of Mrs. Topham's dinner-parties, and folks had heard enough to make them curious.

"She is going to sing 'Summer Night'—how appropriate!" murmured Miss Conway to Farquhar, on the outer rim of the crowd. "Isn't she a delightful girl? Do you know, I think I like her face better than the pale handsome one at the piano. She looks as if she had such a lot in her."

Perhaps Farquhar was glad not to have to answer. Christine had started her song, and a hushed silence fell upon the group; for, whatever qualities her voice might lack, it possessed to perfection the power of compelling the attention of her listeners.

And so the sweet melodious air rose in full mellow notes on the stillness of the evening amid a quietness which for once was not begrudged to the performer; and, when the song was over, Colonel Ledbitter left his corner to shake hands with the singer, with all the world looking on, as one might say.

Some girls would have looked awkward under such an ordeal, but Chris took it coolly enough, only showing her pleasure by an eloquent flash of her fine eyes as he expressed his thanks.

"Where in the world did she get her aplomb from?" asked Mrs. Northe of her neighbor. "She has the dignity of a duchess. She is without exception the least self conscious girl I know."

"I suppose that is one of the compensations for being plain," said the other. "Plain people get that repose of manner because they are not eternally thinking about the effect they are making. She is going to sing again: Colonel Ledbitter has asked her. Quite a little triumph for her, isn't it?"

"'Ye Banks and Braes.' That is the Colonel's choice, you may depend. His wife was a Scotchwoman, you know. She died when they had been married six months, and he has been true to her memory for twelve years. Interesting looking man, don't you think?"

"Very. I did not know that about his wife's early death. I expect that accounts for the look of self-repression you notice in him every now and again."

"Very likely. Hush!"

Christine sang the sorrowful little Scotch song as even as she very seldom sang. Perhaps there was something, some touch of tender memory, in the stern face opposite to her which inspired her with a passing throb of its own pain. Be that as it may, she sang with her heart in her throat, as the skylarks do; and there was a subdued murmur of pleasure when she had finished.

Ledbitter, leaning on the other end of the piano, with his forehead on his finger tips, moved abruptly away for a few steps at the end of the song, and then checked himself with a recollection of what was due from him.

"You have made me forget my manners, you see," he said, turning again. "You have made me feel—and I thought I had forgotten how. I was going to run away without thanking you."

"Don't thank me after that!" cried Chris impulsively. "If I have given you pleasure, it is more than enough."

"The kind of pleasure the poets speak of—so blent with pain that it is difficult to know the one from the other," he answered; and Chris felt a strange stir of emotion at her heart as she realized that his firm lips had lost some of their steadiness, and his keen eyes all their sternness in the feeling of the moment. "And yet," he added, "I should like to repeat the experience. I shall try to persuade Mrs. Topham to bring me to call on you, Miss Golightly."

"Do; and I will sing to you until you are satisfied."

"That is very good of you. I shall remember your promise."

He glanced across the piano at Monica, still seated at the keyboard. Behind her the people were crowding in at the open window, and there was a general murmur of "Good nights" going on.

"This should be another sister of yours by the likeness," he said. "May I shake hands with the daughter of a man I know and esteemed very highly? Good night, Miss Golightly. I shall dream to-night of things that have lain forgotten in my memory for years."

There was a quite a large escort to see them home. There was Conway on ahead with Olive, taking advantage of the darkness to put her hand on his arm, as he arranged the hour for the formal call on Mrs. Golightly in the morning; and there were Denzil and Farquhar with Chris, and Doctor Robertson and Walford Haynes behind with Monica and her mother.

As they reached the barrack-gates, Monica remembered that she had left the roll of dance-music on the mantelpiece in the cloak-room, and Walford Haynes ran back for it.

"We must wait for him because he does not know the way," said Monica. "Doctor Robertson, you might overtake the girls and tell them to wait; and don't bother to come back. Mother and I don't mind sharing a cavalier between us."

He had scarcely hurried off, and left the two ladies waiting in the shadow between the barrack wall and the Colonel's garden hedge, when Captain and Mrs. Weston went past them, followed immediately afterwards by Colonel Ledbitter. He overtook the Westons before they reached the large gates, and they stood there a minute or two, bidding one another "Good night."

"I hope you have had a good time," Mrs. Weston said, in her rather affected voice, emphasizing every third or fourth word in a way peculiar to her. "If it is true that a good action brings its own reward, you ought to be a very happy man to-night."

"How is that?" said Ledbitter, his quiet unruffled voice sounding curiously full and rich after her piping tones. "Have I done anything phenomenally good to-day?"

"I think so. You have, at any rate, gladdened the heart of the widow Golightly by being so kind to that plain daughter of hers."

"Good gracious, Mrs. Weston, what a fearful perversion of the true facts of the case!" he answered carelessly. "The kindness was on all the other side. Miss Golightly made my afternoon very pleasant for me, and I did not anticipate much pleasure when I promised to come—garden-parties are a little out of my line, as a rule. She was very good to be plagued with an old fogy!"

"Take care she's not too good!" said Weston, with a significant little laugh, which made the ears of the listeners behind fairly tingle.

"What do you mean by that?" came the prompt question in reply.

"Algernon only means you must be careful how far you go with any of that lot. It is an admitted fact that the widow has brought her brood here among her husband's old regiment in the hope of finding good catches for them. Algernon and I have bets on, all the way round, as to how many she will succeed in placing before Christmas. Her manœuvers are most amusing to watch sometimes. The pity of it is that the fear of being laughed at makes the men hold back."

"Really! It hardly struck me that the men held back this afternoon."

"Oh, they always get on very well under Mrs. Topham's wing! She is in the swim, you know—helping the widow to push her wares!"

"Oh, then you think it was only the desire to please the Colonel's wife that made the younger men so attentive to them this afternoon? When I was a sub. I was not so obliging, I am afraid."

"Well, I thought I would warn you. It is so easy to get entangled. I am a little afraid they have drawn young Conway—one of the best catches in the regiment—so far in that he won't be able to back out again. It would be too annoying to a man of your views to find himself placed in a ridiculous position, especially by such open intriguing as Mrs. Golightly's."

"Well, I never try to defend one lady against another," answered Ledbitter, still carrying on the conversation in a tone of perfect unconcern, as if it was a matter in which he had no sort of interest—"there is no surer way of arousing a woman's anger—but it is a fact that I saw no sign of what you tell me in their manner this afternoon. And, as for making a fool of myself—well, I don't see that a man does that by showing that he admires a very charming girl. I'll be bound you did not think so when Weston showed showed his admiration for you. I don't think I am very terrified, even by the propect of being backed to win the Golightly stakes in a canter. Would you like to put a little money on me, Mrs. Weston?"

Mrs. Weston laughed in a way that showed she was puzzled by his attitude.

"Well, there is only one more thing to tell you," she said. "If you make yourself too pleasant to Christine Golightly, take care Mr. Farquhar does not take a pot-shot at you from behind a hedge. He is madly in love with her, and she has led him on shamefully; but, whether she will marry him when when she hears that he has scarcely a farthing beyond his pay, is quite another matter. Oh—here comes somebody! I thought we were the last. Good night! I am so glad to have seen you again!"

"Mother," whispered Monica, as Walford Haynes hurried towards them from the house—"mother, if you dare to cry, I will never forgive you; and, if you allow that spiteful vulgar woman's slander to make the faintest impression upon you, I will just tell the two girls all about it, and leave them to deal with you as they think best."

"Monica," gasped the poor soul, choking back the coming sobs and squeezing Monny's hand, as if she hoped literally to wring some moral support out of it—"Monica, you would not breathe a word to them!"

"I will if you cry," answered Monica relentlessly.

And then she tucked her mother's shaking hand under her arm—and Mrs. Golightly never guessed what it cost her to still her arm's passionate trembling—and turned to her lover with some laughing rebuke about his lagging.

"The mum is fairly done up," she told him, in reply to his remark on Mrs. Golightly's silence; "she would rather we did all the talking and left her to herself."

So Mrs. Golightly had grace given her to recover herself, and was able, by the time they reached their own gate, to answer the chorus of "Good nights" with a respectable amount of serenity.

And even then, when they were safe in the house, Monica still guarded her loyally, and got her upstairs without either of the girls noticing anything unusual.

CHAPTER V.

"WILL you condescend to speak to a poor 'sub,' Miss Christine Golightly?"

Chris turned round from admiring a windowful of chrysanthemums in the High street—Milchester has rather a reputation for chrysanthemums—and found Farquhar behind her.

"How are you? Aren't they lovely?"—with a wave of her hand towards the flowers. "Monny is inside buying models for her work. Where have you been hiding yourself for the past fortnight? We've hardly had a glimpse of you?"

"I've had a fit of shyness."

"Rubbish!"

"Well, then, since old Con's engagement was openly announced, I have felt I might be a bit de trop. He does not need the countenance of my presence for his daily visits any longer, you see."

"But Con is not the only person to be considered at Bethune's Wing."

"Oh, well, you know, I couldn't flatter myself that you were personally pining for my presence in the triumph and glory of your new conquest."

She looked rather indignantly at him.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, Christine, Christine," he said, in a tone of assumed reproof, "are you too going to begin the tricks of your kind at last—you whom I have always placed in a niche apart as being above all such humbug? Do you think all Milchester is not aware of Ledbetter's visit to your house? And then to pretend that you don't know what I mean! For shame!"

"What an idiot you can be when you like!" she exclaimed, laughing at his mock severity.

"But not such an idiot as to think you would be pining for me when Colonel Ledbitter, V. C., was at hand. Why, I should hardly have had the assurance to come to you now but for the reflected glory of old Denzil's companionship. He is coming along behind, and sent me on to stop you."

"I think you are making a regular mountain out of a mole-hill about Colonel Ledbitter," she said, with some slight sign of vexation in her manner, "and it isn't like you to do it either. He has only brought me a few songs, and asked me to sing them as they ought to be sung."

"And did you sing them?" he inquired very meekly indeed. "I heard all about his visits, but I did not know that his real object was singing lessons. Do you think he is likely to do you credit as a pupil?"

She could not help laughing at his absurd air of eager interest; and Major Denzil, coming up behind, wanted to know what the joke was.

"And Monica is here, too!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of Miss Golightly through the shop-door. "Oh, this is delightful! I want you girls to come to Manning's and have cheese cakes. I'm dying for some myself; but a man looks such a fool going into a cake-shop alone!"

It was market day in Milchester, the one day in the week when the officers' wives and the better-class folk generally honored the local tradespeople with their personal patronage. The High Street was full of people; and, when Major Denzil's party reached the confectioner's, they found all the little marble tables occupied.

"I'm afraid we shall have to stand," Denzil said, looking round the crowded place and answering the nervous greetings of his acquaintances.

"Come up here, Denzil!" somebody sang out from the farther end of the shop. "We are just going; you can have our table."

"Denzil always pulls through somehow," muttered Farquhar over Christine's shoulder, as they marched in single file towards the end, between the rows of chairs and small tables. "They say that out in Egypt he used to be called 'Denzil the Dodger' from his quiet way of slipping into the soft places."

"Be quiet; he will hear you!" she whispered back, her eyes dancing with laughter.

Just as the small exchange of confidences took place, she caught sight of Captain and Mrs. Weston and Colonel Ledbitter eating chicken-pie at the table she was passing.

The Colonel's glance went from her face to Farquhar's, and back again, in a quick searching way which brought the blood to her face as she answered his "Good morning" and passed on; and Mrs. Weston's artificial tones came floating along behind her.

"What did I tell you?" she said.

And, unreasonable as it seemed, Chris jumped instantly to the conclusion that the words had some reference to the exchange of whispered confidences between Farquhar and herself.

It was strange how the notion stuck to her, and stranger still how it tormented her. This last fact she could not account for to herself at all. Even supposing Mrs. Weston had been talking to Colonel Ledbitter about the intimacy of Mr. Farquhar and her, what did it matter? Since she and Mr. Farquhar were really good friends, why should she mind people remarking on the fact?

And then the conviction came to her with a positive shock that it was not the remarks of the people in general that she minded, but the effect Mrs. Weston's remarks might have upon Colonel Ledbitter in particular. She gave a gasp, and found herself suddenly face to face with the fact that she cared more for the good opinion of this middle-aged man than for that of all the rest of the world put together. The discovery frightened her—absolutely and positively frightened her—and it needed something of an effort to pull herself together and conduct herself so that nobody should observe anything unusual in her manner.

"You know that Olive is going down to Milton for Con's long leave, I suppose?" Monica was saying to Denzil, as they seated themselves at the table. "His mother wrote asking if one of us would not go too. I could not possibly spare the time just now, and Chris has chosen to say 'No' too, so our baby will have to take the plunge into her new world alone."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHERE BEGGARS THRIVE.—In Russia begging is just as much a recognized profession as the law or medicine, and many a skilful beggar has a much larger income at his command than a lawyer or a doctor. Russian beggars are organized upon scientific principles, and according to a labor commission report, form regular trade unions. Some of them follow their profession the year round; others only at stated seasons.

There are many distinctions of rank among them. The Soudogois beggars, for instance, who work on the soil for six months of the year, are socially of no account whatever; whereas the Kalouni, who would as soon think of flying as of working, are quite important personages—aristocrats of beggardom, in fact.

The Kalouni call themselves "collectors," and their chief business is to direct the begging operations of others. As a rule, two Kalouni enter into partnership and gather round them a little company of assistants—four or five children, and perhaps two adults—chosen especially on account of their infirmities.

When the firm is ready for action, the Kalouni, who are often capitalists in their way, buy a horse and large cart, and set out in the world, wandering from village to village, and from town to town. The assistants, who do all the begging, receive their food, the shelter of the cart, and perhaps a few rags for clothing—nothing more. Every coin that is given them must be yielded up to their employers

WHEN SPRING RETURNS.

BY E. E.

When spring returns, the blackbird's lay
Is heard throughout the livelong day,
The skies are blue, the thorn is white,
The buttercups as gold are bright,
And daisies star the meadow-way.
The lights and shadows sport and play
When lambkins o'er the new grass stray;
The robin seeks a building-site,
When spring returns.

The crocus pierces through the clay,
Sweet bells the cowslips gaily sway,
And in the woods, on ev'ry side,
The dew-drenched violets meekly hide,
And flies the winter robed in gray
When spring returns!

Where the Treasure Is.

BY J. C.

VERY nearly a quarter of a century ago, I was on terms of considerable intimacy with an officer of the English police, who at this hour fills a position of high trust at Scotland Yard. At the time of which I write he was a sergeant in the force of a great provincial city; smart, alert, ambitious, and resolute to get on. He and I were in one or two big things together. I had got wind of a gang of Russian forgers, on one occasion, and was playing detective on my own account, when the sergeant received instructions to watch the same gang.

We met, understood each other, and combined our forces. My silence, as a journalist, purchased his, as an officer, and when at last we bagged our men we each had "an exclusive." We were engaged together in conniving at the escape of as thorough-paced a swindler as might have been found in the British dominions.

There was a reason for this connivance which may some day make the story worth telling. I lent the sergeant an informal aid and countenance in the capture of a desperate defrauder in his bedroom at the Queen's Hotel, and narrowly escaped being shot for my pains.

When I went prowling about the slums of that great provincial city, as I did pretty often, the sergeant was my frequent companion. And when at last he gained his heart's desire, and was promoted to London, I was the only person in whom he confided the fact that the capture which secured his promotion was due to chance.

I have never made notes of these matters, and the names of the people concerned in this adventure have long since slipped my memory, but the facts are clear enough.

In the year 1871, and long before and after, a manufacturing jeweler, in a large way of business, kept shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, on the right hand side as you go westward.

The common kind of work was done at Birmingham; the better and more valuable jewelry was the product of skilled hands employed in a small workshop in Clerkenwell. The private clientele of the house was small, but the business transacted with "the trade" was probably as large as any in London.

Only one commercial traveler was engaged, a Jewish gentleman, a man of exemplary character and charming manners; a linguist, a musician, a judge of pictures, a painter on amateur, and a finished expert in precious stones. He had been seventeen years in this same service, and his employer's trust in him was absolute. He drew a liberal commission, kept his own little family in solid comfort at his Brixton home, was a pillar of his synagogue, a pearl among commercial travelers, and deservedly respected.

I never saw this gentleman, but I can draw his portrait, and before I close this story I will tell you why. He had large dark eyes, which shone out of a sort of velvety dull softness, as a black heart cherry shines when dew or rain is on it. He had a well-shapen aquiline nose, and an olive skin. His lips were shapely, but redder and fuller than is common with men of western type.

He wore his hair cut short, and his beard was trimmed Vandyke fashion. The notable thing about him was that hair, eyebrows, and beard were of a deep ruddy auburn, a color handsome in itself, but a little startling and bizarre in a man of his complexion.

In the year 1870, whilst the sergeant and I, unwitting of this gentleman's existence, were hanging on the skirts of the Russian forgers, the commercial traveler had submitted a scheme to his employer.

He had employed his taste and leisure in the preparation of a number of designs for brooches, bracelets, rings, tiaras, necklets, and pendants, and he had designed and drawn with beautiful delicacy a case in which to display them.

He estimated the cost of the preparation of this tray at about twenty thousand pounds sterling, and his proposal was that the real tray to be manufactured from his designs should be kept in the show-case at St. Paul's Churchyard, whilst he should carry round with him a tray of paste and pinchbeck in illustration of style and color.

Both trays were made. The real thing went into the show-case, and the bogus article went on tour. The real tray was paragraphed in the London and provincial newspapers, hundreds of fashionable people went to see it, orders came in briskly, the new designs became a fashion, and the clever little Hebrew gentleman made so good a thing of his liberal commission that he was more than paid for all his trouble. His employer was of course eminently satisfied on his own account, but by-and-by disaster crept upon him.

The traveler made four journeys a year, covering the three kingdoms on each expedition. He had started on the third round since the completion of the two trays, when the jeweler by a chance examination of his treasure discovered that he was in possession of the imitation, and that his servant had, by some queer blunder, walked off with the real thing.

To an unlearned eye the mimic jewels were exactly like the real, but an expert was not to be deceived for an instant. The two trays had been set for comparison side by side outside the show-case, and the traveler had made an accidental exchange. It was a little surprising, but it excited no suspicion. The jeweler sent a special messenger down to Brixton with a note of explanation, and the special messenger came back to say that the gentleman had gone to Birmingham.

A telegram was sent to Birmingham, and the jeweler went to his home in the suburbs quite contented and at ease. When a servant has been faithful for seventeen years in things big and little, when he has had hundreds and hundreds of thousands of pounds through his hands, and has never once been out in his accounts by a farthing, an honest man is not likely to grow mistrustful from so small a seed as this.

But when no answer came from Birmingham — when telegraphic inquiry elicited the fact that the traveler had not been to his customary hotel—when further inquiry proved that he had not been heard of at Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow—when after four or five days, his wife, for the first time since her marriage, was ignorant of his whereabouts—then things began to grow uncomfortable, and suspicion began to peer. Not at all in the direction of the dapper little Jewish gentleman. He was above suspicion, as the wife of Cæsar should have been. Seventeen years of unstained fidelity were not to be rewarded so.

But it became clear that some mischief had befallen him—there are hundreds of people in the world who would do murder for the fiftieth part of such a booty as he carried. His employer went mournfully to the police and offered a reward for the missing man's discovery. He was angry at the mere idea that one whom he had trusted so entirely, and whose faithfulness had stood the test so long, had at last deceived and robbed him.

The honest heart would have no commerce with that fancy. No! The poor fellow had fallen ill, had stumbled into some aberration of the mind, of which the changing of the trays was the earliest sign, had been robbed, drugged, spirited away, murdered.

The police accepted this view of the case with courteous incredulity, and planned and labored on their own lines. They networked the country through the telegraph; they woke up every port in Great Britain, and had every passenger list examined; they haunted way-side stations, and shadowed the great termini; they sent the news tingling to every country in Europe and to the United States. Every pawnbroker in Great Britain, every mont de piete in France, every dealer in precious stones and precious metals everywhere had warning.

Then, as his own lucky star ordained, the sergeant was sent to London on professional affairs. He called at Scotland Yard to pay a visit of respect to an old provincial superior of his own; partly because a little civility is never wasted—"as you know, Mr. Murray"—partly because he liked the gentleman in question, and partly because "out of sight is out of mind with many people."

The provincial superior was affable to the extent of a glass of whisky and a cigar; and, at their parting, he confided to the sergeant's charge a packet of handbills, which set forth a portrait of the missing gentleman, a full description of his person, and an inventory of the lost jewels.

The sergeant kept one of these for his own private reading, packed the rest in his handbag, and having finished his business by noon on the day following, strolled down to Euston Station in time for the two o'clock train.

On the way he encountered an old friend, with whom he had a glass of whisky. At the station he encountered another old friend—one of the detectives on constant duty there—and with him he had another glass of whisky. The day was warm and heavy, the sergeant had been seeing "Life" in the capital at the expense of his nightly rest, and ensconcing himself in one corner of a second-class smoking compartment, five minutes before the train's departure he fell into a sound sleep.

At Chalk Farm he was dimly aware that somebody got into the carriage, and then he slept again. He was half-way to Rugby before he awoke. His fellow-passenger was seated in the opposite corner at the far-end of the compartment, and the sergeant surveyed him uninterestedly through scarce-opened eyelids.

It was a Jewish gentleman of a neat and dapper aspect, with coal-black hair, eyebrows, and mustache, and cheeks and chin clean shaven. He smoked a cigar, and read a railway novel, but every now and then he seemed to awake to a sudden interest in a hat-box which was bestowed in the light-luggage netting overhead, and at such moments he would screw himself round and look upward, as if he feared to find it spirited away.

"Now," said the sergeant in telling me the story, "it's a curious thing, but this is what set me a-thinking. When I was a kid, and right on to when I left home, my old mother never let me get to bed without reading a chapter out of the Bible at me. I never got a lot o' good out of it, as far as I remember, but I never got no harm anyway. I hadn't thought of the words for the best part of fifteen years, but when that chap had looked at that hat-box maybe a dozen times, they came into my head as plain as if a prison had spoke 'em in my ear. 'Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.' And 'What have you got there, my friend?' I says to myself; 'I wonder.'"

By-and-by the sergeant had something else to wonder at. The Jewish gentleman drew off a well-fitting glove of tan-colored dogskin, and began to finger his cheeks and chin with a very delicate carefulness. His face took a cast of anxiety, and he drew from his breast-pocket a small morocco case which contained a comb and a mirror.

He combed his moustache, and scrutinised it with extraordinary care. He combed the hair on his forehead and temples, and scrutinised that with extraordinary care. Then he combed his thick black eyebrows, and peered at them into the mirror as closely as if he had been examining them through a microscope.

Next he examined his chin minutely and seemed dissatisfied. Once or twice he looked at the sergeant, who lay with his legs stretched out, and the merest hair's-breadth slit of watchful eye quite veiled by the eyelash. And, occupied earnestly as he was in these singular details, the dapper Jewish gentleman never forgot the hat-box for much more than half a minute at a time.

"Where the treasure is," said the sergeant, with his heart beating like a hammer at his ribs, for he had begun to think what an uncommonly close shave dark-haired gentleman like that must have taken, to be sure, to have no sign at all of a beard on cheek and chin.

"For a man as is naturally black," said the observant sergeant, "gets blue with close shaving, don't you notice, sir? and this chap wasn't a bit bluer on the chin, than he was on the bridge of his nose. Dyed his hair—he had!"

It occurred to the sergeant to wake up and light a pipe, and assume a brisk interest in the landscape. It occurred to him further to cross to the other end of the compartment for a better view of the landscape on that side.

He ventured to remark that it was a pretty country, and the young wheat was looking well. Then he sauntered back to his own corner, and make believe to doze again—with his heart beating more and more like a hammer at his ribs, until he wondered that the other man didn't seem to hear it.

For at that nearer view he had seen what he had fully expected to see—an auburn rime on cheek and chin, namely, and a touch of auburn at the roots of the carefully pencilled eyelashes. And all the while he was thinking, so he told me:

"What a stroke of luck! Oh! what a stroke of luck! And here's my step at last."

And yet he had no authority to act, and to arrest a man on such a mere suspicion, and without authority, was a dangerous sort of thing to do. The sergeant was mightily tumbled up and down in his mind, and knew not what to do.

They came to Rugby, and the gentleman got out and ordered a glass of milk and soda at the refreshment bar. Before it was served, he bolted back to the train, and secured his hat-box.

"Now, is he going to slip off here?" asked the sergeant within doors, "and if he is, what's my game?"

The gentleman went back to the car however, in due season, and the sergeant followed. At Birmingham they both alighted, and the gentleman went to the Queen's Hotel. He chartered a bedroom there, and carried his hat-box upstairs with his own hands, a porter following with a portmanteau. In half an hour he came down again, passed into Stevenson Square and on into New Street.

The sergeant took his courage in both hands, and went to the manager. A Jewish gentleman with a black mustache had taken such and such a number?

"Yes."

"That," said the sergeant, producing his handbill, "is the man."

The manager stared, and then laughed. No, he knew that man. He was a red-headed fellow with a red beard and mustache.

"Shaved and dyed," said the sergeant.

"Begad!" said the manager. "I believe you're right."

"You know me?" says the sergeant.

"Yes," says the manager naming him.

"Very well. I take all the responsibility of this move. That man has the stolen jewels in his hat-box. Let me into his room, and we'll soon see."

"I was a common look to the hat-box," said the sergeant, concluding his story in great excitement. "I begged a hair-pin from a chambermaid—one o' them thick strong hair-pins, and the trick was done in a minute. There was the violet-velvet lining of the jewel-case all torn out loose, and rolled into a bundle, and inside it was the whole twenty thousand pounds' worth.

"And while we were staring at each other, like a pair of stuck pigs, back comes his Nibs, sees me a-kneeling over the open hat-box, whips out a revolver, and knocks a hole clean through the side of my new silk hat, and ruins it. Twelve-and-six it cost me, and brand-new out of Hyams' shop only the week afore.

"The manager knocks his arm up, and the next shot goes into the ceiling. It was nip and tuck then for a few minutes, but we got him down, and I had 'em on his wrists in a jiffy. Seven years he got at the Old Bailey, and pretty cheap at that.

"Five hundred pounds reward is a good deal to a poor man like me, but a London chance is more, and that slice o' luck brought both. That's his Nibs' portrait that there big colored photograph over the mantelshelf. His missis sold up the little house at Brixton, and I bought that at the sale for a reminder of him."

REPTILES OF THE DESERT.

From the standpoint of a zoologist there is probably no class of animals so characteristic of the desert as the reptiles, says a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle.

True, there are numbers of birds and mammals found all over the arid wastes of sand, but these either migrate or spend most of their time underground, as is the case with most of the smaller mammals.

The birds choose the sheltered canons, where, perhaps, a few drops of water still ooze out from between the rocks, or even venture out into the great sun-baked plains, seeking the shelter of the bushes and stunted trees which here and there manage to eke out an existence.

The smaller mammals are almost all nocturnal in their habits and only venture out after nightfall when the earth begins to cool a little, and with the exception of, perhaps, a few coyotes or the little desert fox, one may travel for hundreds of miles through the deserts without see-

ing a single animal except the reptiles and insects.

But they are there, and lots of them, too. The burning sands and the copper skies seem to have no terrors for them. They are everywhere. At nearly every step one seems to awaken a fresh lizard from his rest under a bush or beside a stone, and away he goes, scurrying along over the sand, perhaps his long tail dragging in the sand, but more frequently elevated high in the air. In fact, this uplifted tail often looks like a little gray twig moving rapidly along the ground, but always retaining its upright position.

And these lizards can run, too. In a twinkling they are gone, and then it is only the practised eye that can see them, for when they lie at rest their dull gray color makes it almost impossible to see them.

But these are not all; often from the side of the road, disturbed by the passing traveler, a horned rattlesnake or sidewinder will move sluggishly away but ever keeping up an incessant rattle.

Again, big, sluggish lizards are found, nearly always a dull gray above, but beneath or around the head iridescent in the most gorgeous colors.

And, too, the big tiger rattler of the desert canons, though a trifle more sluggish than the sidewinder, seems ever ready to call his attention to his bright colors by sounding the terrible rattle which strikes fear to the heart of any animal, no matter how large or how small.

The tiger rattler is found in the desert regions of America, and is comparatively rare, being found only in the canons of the barren ranges which traverse the desert in all directions.

I remember seeing nineteen in a single canon of the Argus range of mountains in Inyo county. One I found on a ledge of rock directly behind the fire which we had built for cooking supper.

The tiger rattler, however, though very dangerous, and sometimes growing to four feet in length, cannot compare in viciousness with the little sidewinder or horned rattlesnake. The sidewinder prefers the open desert in which to live and may often be found lying quietly beside some desert bush, waiting for its prey. It gets the name sidewinder from the fact that, in moving along the ground, instead of pursuing a straight course it has besides the forward movement a sidewise, crab-like motion.

It is much less sluggish than the other rattlers, perhaps on account of its small size, as it seldoms exceeds a foot and a half in length. It is lighter colored than the other rattlers, and directly over the eyes are protuberances, which give it the name of horned rattler.

It seems to be the most dreaded of all snakes by the desert traveler, probably on account of its being so hard to see owing to its small size and quick movements. In fact, it is about the only reptile which the desert prospector really dreads.

One of the most plentiful of the lizards which live on the desert is the blue-spotted lizard. It is about eight inches long and of a light ashen color on the back, but down each side runs a row of black spots, extending out on the tail.

It receives its name from the two sulphur-blue patches, one on each side of the abdomen, and the little blue spot on the chin. One variety is blue nearly all over, giving out iridescent metallic colors.

The peculiarity of this species is that when frightened it seldom keeps to the ground, but runs to the nearest bush of any size, or even a tree, and, climbing up into the branches, waits until the danger is past.

Very often these little lizards may be found in the yucca trees, probably waiting for some of the insects which often come for the nectar in the yucca blossoms. This species is very much like the blue-spotted lizard which is found on the west side of the Sierras.

Probably the most characteristic of the lizards of the lower desert regions of California is the long-tailed or gridiron-tailed lizard.

This species is found nearly everywhere in the lower parts of the desert, and never fails to attract the attention of the traveler by its exceedingly rapid movements and its very strange habit of carrying its tail curved up over its back. In fact, the tail is the largest part of the animal, being longer than the head and body together.

The movements of this little gray lizard are so quick as to make it hard for the eye to follow, and when it shoots off along the sand, with its tail high in air, it looks almost as if a stick, standing on end, were scurrying away.

TRAVELING IN MANITOBA.

The subject of horses is one of the greatest importance to a Canadian farmer. Some years ago the Clydesdale came to the front, and was highly esteemed in many quarters an account of his great strength, but a reaction has set in, and this stamp of horse is rapidly losing favor throughout the country.

It is now generally agreed that a heavy horse of this class is too slow and cumbersome for the work required of it, and lighter, smarter breeds are rapidly replacing it.

To extract itself from snow drifts up to the belly, to obey its driver quickly in bad cuts, to work in deep snow and among fallen trees and stumps in the bush, or slash through mud, water and swamp in the season of the year, requires an animal of a totally different breed.

An ordinary farm horse, moreover, is expected to cover much great distances at a good pace, forty miles in a day not being anything unusual. His duties, too, are more various. In addition to the work on the farm itself, the drawing of grain and produce and the winter work in the bush, he is frequently needed between the shafts of a buggy or a cutter, or to herd and chase cattle on the prairie.

Every man is obliged to break his own colts, just as he has to shoe his own horse, but of course, in the latter case, he has to visit the blacksmith when a new set of shoes is required. Owing to the judicious precaution of tying them up at an early age, a large amount of trouble is saved in training young horses.

All through the long winter the foals and colts stand in the stable like old horses, and thus become so used to being handled, that they are usually quiet enough when the time for breaking arrives.

The harness is then put straight on to a colt, and without more ado, he is "hitched up" to the sleigh with an old horse for a mate, and forced to work whether he likes it or not.

And it is surprising how little trouble most of the youngsters give. But of course it must be remembered that the majority of the horses are of a much quieter race than those out of which an American breaker makes his largest haul.

The severe cold in the winter, strange to say, does not appear to affect horses to any serious extent if they are properly attended to. In fact the animals are usually in better health and condition during that part of the year than in the summer.

Horses and oxen are now almost exclusively used throughout the province, and even the latter are to be seen in much smaller quantities than formerly. This, however, was not always the case.

Not more than twenty years ago a toboggan drawn by a string of dogs was a far more common sight than a team and sleigh in many parts of the country, now extensively settled on and cultivated.

On all the surveys on the railroad track when the Canadian Pacific was being built and at every lumber shanty in the woods it was by this means that stores, provisions and many of the less bulky kinds of goods were conveyed.

Every old settler can tell of the times when Indians and half breeds were to be seen driving their dogs at full speed through the bush, shooting between trees and dodging round stumps where a sleigh could not pass at all.

At the present time a string of dogs is seldom seen, except on Lake Winnipeg or among the Indian and Hudson Bay traders in the far north. But any one wishing to try this means of transit can purchase the whole outfit at the cost of a few dollars, and the pleasure and convenience will soon repay him.

With a toboggan 10 feet in length and 18 inches wide, and three good dogs, it would not be difficult to cover a hundred miles a day at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour. A ride behind a string of dogs is as delightful as exciting. Lying on the narrow board forming the toboggan, one appears, being so near the ground, to be flying over the snow at a terrific pace. And on the narrow trails in the bush the speed at which one shaves past the trees is at first rather alarming, but the dogs will never leave the track, be it ever so slight.

The Indians and traders will run behind a loaded toboggan all day and think nothing of travelling sixty or seventy miles a day. But on such occasions as I have gone out with dogs I have contented myself with a run of a mile or so every now and then when cold, holding on to a string attached to the back of the toboggan.

Some of the dogs are very savage, and an old trader can always be identified by the scars on his hands left by the fierce bites of his dogs. The animals indeed can scarcely be expected to exhibit much love for their masters. Harnessed up in the morning they are driven all day with a whip that makes them yell with pain and can flick off their hair like dust. At night they are tied up outside in the cold and snow, and some fish or meat flung to them to fight over. It is indeed the "life of a dog."

But, though for drawing loads horses have replaced dogs throughout the settled parts of the country, every boy "hitches up" the cattle dog to some little hand sleigh he has made, and jumping on to his "rig," whacks his collie into a gallop. And in every town the small vendors of newspapers and message boys fly along the streets in the same manner.

"Perquisites."—The Queen Regent of Spain is carrying out, much to the disgust of her household, the reforms introduced by the late Duke of Aosta, by which unused viands—wine, fruit, bonbons and pastry as well as flowers and wax candles—are retained, instead of becoming the perquisites of the servants, as was formerly the case.

At some Courts, however, the custom of "perquisites" is still in force, and it is difficult for anybody who has not seen this system at work to realize what it really means.

At the Austrian Court, for instance, it is in full swing. Some of the servants are entitled to claim all the bottles of wine which have been uncorked but not emptied; others, those which have been brought up from the cellar but left untouched; while the wine that remains in the glasses after the guests have risen from dinner is bottled up carefully and sold by the footmen.

The Court servants make open traffic of the imperial leavings, and the keepers of small hotels and restaurants buy from them fowl, fish and flesh, not to mention pastry, bonbons, fruit, etc.

Candles, also, are sold in great quantities by the servants. The Empress, having a positive horror of gas and electric light, forbids the use of anything but the purest wax to light up the palace, and it is very amusing to see the servants, to whom the half-burned candles belong by right, make a rush to blow them out the moment the last guest has walked out of the rooms.

Niagara in Harness.—Comparatively few people are aware that, for some years past, engineering operations have been going on at Niagara with the object of utilising some of the immense power of the Niagara Falls in order to drive machinery of various kinds, chiefly electrical.

The amount that is proposed to be taken is equal to no less than four hundred and fifty thousand horse-power, and it is believed that it can be made to turn mill-wheels, illuminate streets, and even light and heat houses throughout the greater part of New York State, a large territory in Canada, and perhaps here and there in neighboring States.

Yet the great cataract will not be robbed of much of its strength; for it is estimated that the horse-power of Niagara Falls is nearly five million nine hundred thousand—the greatest that Nature has concentrated at any one place on the globe.

When the water required to create four hundred and fifty thousand horse-power is drawn from the river above the Falls and sent to the gorge below by a short cut through tunnels, the great cataract will be lowered about seven inches only.

Plans for using Niagara Falls to run machinery had been thought of for half a century, but it was not until seven years ago that the necessary permission to use Niagara water was obtained from the New York Legislature.

True Kindness.—While we would not by any means deprecate the natural sympathy which flows out towards suffering of every kind, it does seem that a certain discrimination might be employed with advantage.

Nature's teachings should not be made void by a misplaced pity, but rather pointed out and emphasized by that true kindness which strikes at the root of the evil instead of covering and nourishing it.

The wise parent and the faithful friend, while soothing suffering and allaying pain, will not hesitate to disclose its cause, and thus prevent, if possible, its recurrence.

The courage and sincerity that will do this are far better tests of a real and noble affection than the sentimental indulgence which shrinks from giving a temporary pain, even in the interests of a permanent benefit.

Scientific and Useful.

Oil on Troubled Waters.—An "oil-bomb" for calming the waves, which can be fired a short distance, has recently been invented. The bombs are perforated with small holes, thus allowing the oil to run out in about an hour.

The Telephone.—A foreigner has invented a telephonic gear that can be carried with ease on a soldier's back in lieu of the ordinary knapsack. It combines the indispensable qualities of simplicity, lightness, facility and rapidity of installation.

Glass Floors.—A new warehouse in Paris has been built with glass floors. The initial cost is considerably over that of the ordinary floor, but in view of the fact that toughened glass is so much longer lived than wood, the experiment is likely to prove cheaper in the long run.

Poles.—A French engineer has observed that telegraph poles decay chiefly in the ten or twelve inches directly below the surface of the ground. For this part he proposes a coat of tar and a sleeve of earthenware, the unfilled space in the latter to be packed with some dry material with a waterproof cap of asphalt.

Marble.—An artificial marble, which can be applied to walls and furniture while in a soft or plastic condition, has been brought out. The "marble" is delicately veined, like the natural varieties, while being hard and durable. The fact that it can be applied like stucco permits of its fitting easily to its place and being as easily repaired when broken.

Bottles.—A new use has been found for old glass bottles. They are now ground up and used in place of sand for mortar. There can be but little doubt that it is a suitable material, and that a strong mortar can be made by its use, although it is doubtful if it is as durable as pure quartzose sand. Its cost, however, will prevent its use in any district whose sand is easily and cheaply obtained, and the supply must necessarily be limited.

Farm and Garden.

Wheat.—Every grain of wheat should produce forty fold. A bushel of seed, consequently, sown upon an acre of ground, should produce 40 bushels, which shows that much of the seed used is either wasted or lost in the ground.

Fertilizers.—Manure lasts longer than fertilizers, but it is because the plants derive the use of but a portion of the manure annually, as it dissolves slowly and only as it decomposes. For immediate results fertilizers are much better than manure.

Pork.—It costs at least one-third more to produce a pound of pork after the first year than before. If a pig does not pay a profit by the time it is ten months old it will hardly do so after it passes that age. Young pork is not only the best and cheapest, but brings the highest prices in the market.

The Dairy.—Some dairymen declare that "sunshine has a good deal to do with the fullest flow of milk; also with its quality." One man gives each cow of his herd an extra quart of meal night and morning in cloudy weather in order to satisfy his customers. This experience is a significant one and ought to be effective against dark stables.

Sheep.—It does not pay to feed too much corn to sheep. Some of the sheepmen of Michigan are reported to have made this mistake the past winter. Having a large quantity on hand they fed it out freely to sheep, giving them in addition little besides straw. The digestive systems of the sheep were deranged to such an extent that the mortality in the flocks was great.

Roses.—All who have made rose bushes a specialty know that they require clean cultivation and rich soil, yet the large majority of those who procure young rose bushes put them on the borders of grass plots, which results in their destruction. Beginners with roses should consult with experienced persons before selecting the varieties, as some kinds will only thrive under special conditions.

Instead of Trifling with a Bad Cold use Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, which will loosen the phlegm, subside inflammation, and certainly save your lungs and throat much dangerous wear and tear. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

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Management of Money.

"Tell me how to get the money, and I will undertake to manage it," will be the thought of some who read the above head-line. But the experience of the bystander will make him much less certain than you are, most confident reader, that you would manage money well if you had it.

No doubt the greater amount of the suffering that comes from the "eternal lack of pence" is felt by the poor who have never had much money nor the chance of getting it, and who cannot see that the future promises to be very different from the past; but there is also a terrible aggregate of poverty, perhaps keener in its bite than the poverty of those who have always been poor, which comes because men and women who had money could not manage it.

How many people of your acquaintance are living in a perfectly satisfactory state as regards finances—that is, living well within their incomes, with a reserve for emergencies? You may say that cannot be done in a multitude of cases, and unfortunately you are right; but, in a majority of instances, where it is not done, it might be done, if only people would give up happy-go-lucky methods of finance and would realize that happiness depends very largely on the common-sense, candid, deliberate management of money.

A vast deal of nonsense is written about the superiority of love to financial considerations. Love is lord. We do not dispute his predominance; but he is sadly in want of discretion as Grand Vizier, or the delights of his reign are crossed by an infinitude of worries. We wonder how many young people who are about to be married because they are truly in love fairly and squarely consider their financial outlook, and gain an idea beforehand of the aptitudes or deficiencies of their helpmeets in the management of money? It appears common and sordid to speak of such things; but the years will certainly bring these questions to the fore.

There is a tendency to take a hopeful view at marriage-time. The prospect is very fair; things will surely take such turns as will favor the happiest of mortals—besides, nothing is too good for the woman who is loved—and so the young folk are inclined to pitch their married life at a somewhat higher level than circumstances will warrant.

The thought of money is intolerably tame. This luxury of forgetfulness may be allowed of course where there is plenty and to spare; but that is not the condition that we are considering. Our contention is that before marriage the mutual confidence of lovers should be so perfect that they can forecast the future without reserve, and map out their lives according to the inexorable facts of the man's income.

And, if confidence respecting money-matters between lovers who are approaching marriage is necessary, much more is it imperative between man and wife, unless the wife proves to have no conception of figures or power of arranging expenditure.

Of the three ways by which one may get the better of the world in the securing of money, one is undesirable, one rarely attainable, and the other within reach of all who are not struggling for a bare living. The undesirable way of gathering wealth—though it is the way in which many considerable fortunes have been amassed—is not to spend. With a majority of saving people, it is not what they earn, but what they do not spend, that is the most important consideration.

Leaving out of account the weakly and incapable—the people of no capacity, who present the saddest problem of humanity—any man might save money if he were content to watch each farthing he spent and to hold back from all expense that could be avoided. But he would be a miser, and his money would not be worth the cost of collection.

Of the very wealthy, who gain their money by large business dealings or by shrewd foresight, we need not write, for that is not the way to a competence that will ever be trodden by the multitude. But what nearly all of us can do is to save a certain proportion of our income, whatever it may be, great or small, so long as it passes the margin of subsistence. Bacon fixed the amount which the rich ought to save as one-third; but that of course would be an absurd proportion for wage-earners to attempt to save.

There is no reason however why any one in receipt of fixed wages should not save one-tenth, and by that saving preserve their later years from anxiety. Whoever can live on five hundred dollars a year can live on a tenth less, and would live on it if it were all he had. It is only by some such sacrifice that the ease of mind that comes with a balance in hand can be attained.

Saving is a lesson that few will learn, for the love of spending is all-powerful. What is needed is that a sentiment in favor of saving should be established. The glory is in spending—such easy virtues do we set ourselves! To spend gratifies many of us who do not find pleasure in ostentation, whereas to save is one of the straitest of virtues from the first.

The young man does not see the need for it in view of the dazzling future which may give fortune at a stride. But every successive ten years brings more cautious views, till he who has passed middle age bewails that he did not follow a plan from the beginning.

The present is perhaps hardly the best time to insist on the value of saving, when thousands who have carefully scraped together all their spare dollars are grieving that they did not spend them, but flung them away on roguishly-arranged investments. One despairs of ever seeing any considerable number of people with "a little money" understanding the conditions of safe and unsafe investment.

The man who is engaged in a business which pays well, and which might easily be developed under his own supervision so as to double or treble its turn-over, will keep on the old lines with his legitimate business and commit the surplus earnings from it to the care of others, to be invested he hardly knows where or how, quite beyond his control, with the certainty that it will be heavily tolled for promotion expenses and a great uncertainty as to whether the principal will not be speedily frittered away.

He knows how slowly and with what watchfulness and care money accumulates in a legitimate business, and yet he fancies that by some magical process his savings in other men's hands will yield a greater increase than they can in his own. Astute business-men of the shrewdest kind sometimes suffer from this hallucination. They will pay over their savings to adventurers in foreign lands financed by rogues at home, and they do not realize the unlikelihood of ever finding anybody who will be able to put their money to a better use than they themselves can.

To the young this talk about thrift may seem old-fogeyism; to the poor, who have no chance of ridding themselves of the burden of debt, and who would carry themselves like lords if they "owed not any man," it may seem tantalizing; but it is a lesson which sadly needs learning. The wants of men that appear like necessities are rapidly increasing, and the temptation to spend is proportionately great.

In youth it seems romantic to be free-handed, and rather mean to be thrifty; but at thirty a man or woman begins to have qualms and to think of the future, which may be so horribly darkened by poverty and ill-health. At forty the time seems short, for half life's space for saving is gone, and so the middle-aged man is often worried and business-blighted. Moral—you cannot begin too soon to think, not absorbingly, but reasonably, of the management of money.

It is better to be generous than selfish, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who in the tempestuous darkness of the soul has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he who, when all is drear and cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him and his friends shrink from him, has obstinately clung to moral good—thrice blessed, because his night shall pass into clear bright day.

The basest thought possible concerning man is that he has no spiritual nature; and the most foolish misunderstanding of him possible is that he has or should have no animal nature. For his nature is nobly animal, nobly spiritual—coherently and irrevocably so; neither part of it may, except at its peril, expel, despise, or defy the other.

The modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

There are many fruits which never turn sweet until the frost has lain upon them. There are many nuts that never fall from the boughs of the forest trees till the frost has opened and ripened them. And there are many elements of life that never grow sweet and beautiful until sorrow comes.

When men and women have learned that there is no charity in indiscriminate and reckless alms-giving and that the only rational benevolence lies in withstanding that which is a direct incentive to pauperism, they will have learned one of the most important lessons of life.

What others think of us is a less important matter than what others ought to think of us. It is better to be in disfavor with others because we are misunderstood than to be in favor because we are supposed to deserve better than we do.

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch long, broad and deepening before us.

A man "too busy" to take care of his health is like a workman too busy to sharpen his tools.

Do a favor rather than receive one, if you would be free. Forgive a fault, but do not forget it.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

H. R.—Considering that the records of pugilists are of no special interest to the general reader, we have not collected or preserved any data bearing upon that subject.

M. S. T.—Rice paper is a kind of thin, delicate paper, brought from China, and used for painting upon, and for the manufacture of fancy articles. It is not, as many suppose, made from rice, but from the pith of a plant.

Merchant.—We have answered this question before, but as everyone seems to be inquiring, we will say again that the quotation, "Like ships that pass in the night," is only contained in later editions of Longfellow's Tales of a Village Inn, where in "Kilmeny" it will be found.

Cheesy.—The greatest enemy of the oyster is the starfish. It kills the bivalve by enveloping him first in its arms and placing its mouth to a crevice of the oyster shell, and injecting an acrid, venomous juice. The oyster, inconvenienced by the poison, opens its shell to admit water, and thus falls a prey to the destroyer.

D. H. S.—A young lady who tires of a certain companion, and prefers to accept the escort of a newcomer, need not repulse the first one in a harsh manner—in fact, it would be very unladylike to act in such a manner. A polite declination of his civilities and an acceptance of his rival's, will usually lead to a withdrawal without the slightest breach of courtesy.

Thilby.—The name "Dvorak" is pronounced Dvorshak. This artist is a Bohemian, and was born in 1841, at Mulhausen, on the Moldau. He is the son of an innkeeper, and is said to have first learnt music from the gipsies. But at sixteen he entered the Conservatoire at Prague. The great composer, Brahms, was his first friend, and the "Stabat Mater," produced in London in 1883, under his own direction, was his first great success.

Distressed.—It is late—probably too late—to begin a course of discipline; but try to devise a mode of punishment which will not injure the health of body or mind. There is generally at the age named a love of dress which ought to be checked. Untruthfulness and vanity are the worst vices of the girl-character, and must be firmly repressed. The remedy for most evils in growing children is abundance of occupation well chosen. They should never be allowed to be idle and brood.

Inquirer.—The Sutro tunnel is 21,120 feet, or four miles, long. The Nochistongo tunnel is 21, 650 feet, or about four miles, long. Mount Cenis tunnel (Italy) is 80,840 feet, or about seven miles, long. Thames and Rotherway is 11,960 feet, or about two miles, long. The Hoosac tunnel (Mass.,) is 25,032 feet, or about four and a half miles, long. The Mount St. Gothard tunnel in Italy is the longest in the world. It is 47,840 feet, or nearly ten miles, long.

G. A.—Alto-rilievo is a term designating that species of sculpture in which the figure stands completely out from the ground, being attached to it only in some places, and in others worked entirely round like single statues. The largest work ever executed in alto-rilievo is said to be that by Algardi in St. Peter's at Rome, representing the repulse of Attila by St. Peter and St. Paul. The word is also written alto-rilievo, and is pronounced al-to-re-le-vo, the accent on the last syllable but one.

Polly.—The first portrait of which we have any historic record, is that of an Egyptian King, Amasis, dating back to 600 years B. C. He sent it to the Greeks at Cyrene, together with an image of Minerva in gold. The portrait was taken full-face and painted on a panel. Paintings of this kind may be seen in the British Museum, and in the Louvre, Paris, in the Egyptian Museum. The oldest English portraits are—one of Chaucer, also painted on a panel, date about 1380, and another date 1406, of Henry IV. According to the Greeks, the origin of drawing is attributed to a young girl of Lieyon, who took the likeness of her lover by tracing the shadow of his profile on a wall with a piece of charcoal.

Skiver.—To impress ornaments and letters in gold on leather, cleanse the leather first with a weak solution of paste, in water, using a sponge for the purpose; then, when dry, use egg-glair—white of egg, well beaten up till it becomes liquid and clear—putting it on the leather with a sponge sufficiently saturated with it. When this is dry, drop a few drops of sweet oil into a piece of flannel, and rub the oil well into the leather; then rub the part of the leather previously coated with the egg-glair with the oiled flannel gently; after which lay on the gold-leaf, and impress it with heated brass tools or dies. Then rub off the gold leaf, and the impression only will remain. If required, burnish with warm iron burnisher.

E. D. F.—The Bartholdi Statue of Liberty in New York measures 151 feet 1 inch from the bottom of the plinth to the tip of the torch flame, and stands 305 feet 11 inches above low water mark. The forefinger of the figure's right hand is over 7 feet long and 4 feet in circumference at the second joint. It is the largest work of the kind ever completed. The Colossus at Rhodes could not possibly have had the shape and size attributed to it. The statue of Arminius in Bavaria is about 94 feet in height; that of St. Charles Borromeo in Lake Maggiore, 72 feet; the Virgin of Puy 82 feet, and the statue of Bavaria 61 feet. It is a typified figure of a graceful, deep-browed woman, stately, clear-eyed, wise, and prudent like the Minerva of the Greeks.

CLINGING.

BY S. M. M.

In waking dreams I pass each day,
The darkness brings no rest;
At night I wish the night away,
In day love night the best.
The sunshine gives no pleasure now,
No joy the song of birds;
My absent love, 'tis only thou
Canst cheer me with thy words.

The sparkling dewdrop woos the rose,
And lies upon her breast;
The nightingale in warbling throws
Love spells around his nest.
I still must live, but live alone,
Forgotten I may be;
But yet, my love, though thou art gone,
My heart will cling to thee.

A Bad Match.

BY C. D.

MY aunt was a clergyman's widow. I mention that fact at once, because she always made a point of mentioning it herself. My uncle had never had a living—certainly never been anything more than a poor curate; but auntie said "that had nothing to do with it all;" and I don't suppose it had. Anyhow, at the time of which I am writing auntie was very glad to accept the situation of housekeeper and caretaker in a queer old country house about a hundred miles from London.

Only necessity could have driven her to accept the post, for my aunt was without exception the most nervous woman I ever saw. She was afraid of ghosts, of cows, of thunder-storms, of tipsy men, and of burglars.

She held the last-named in especial dread. Her nervous terrors made life a continual torture to her. An old dress hanging in a cupboard would make her start and shriek from its occult likeness to some deceased friend.

The smallest cloud in the sky set her turning all the looking-glasses in the house with their faces to the wall in preparation for the storm she felt must inevitably follow; she would go miles round by "the road" rather than pass through a field where the most peaceful of kine were grazing; she had a habit of thinking any countryman who wished her "Good evening" civilly was tipsy; finally, she believed her little belongings, such as my grandfather's gold watch, my uncle's shirt-studs, and some silver pepper-casters, which she carried about with her everywhere, to be objects of especial interest to gentlemen of burgling propensities.

Her idea on all these points were so deeply rooted that it was useless to attempt to combat them. Whatever anyone might say or think, auntie invariably knew better. For my part, I never thought of arguing with her.

I just left her alone, and allowed her to remain as miserable as she liked; and she was fond of me in consequence. That was the reason she invited me to stay with her when she was in charge of Ryedale Manor.

I was very glad to accept her invitation, for I was looking for work just then. I am a High-School teacher; or rather I was one. My subjects were Literature and Botany.

The reason I was idle that November was that I placed a higher value upon my services than the head-mistress of my last school had done, so, having a little money, I struck; and I had made up my mind that, until my store of money was exhausted and I was quite at the end of my resources, I would not accept a situation in which I was offered less than the price I honestly believed myself to be worth. But now I was coming to the end of my small capital, and auntie's invitation offered me the opportunity I desired of holding out a little longer.

When I arrived at Ryedale Manor however, I found auntie infinitely more thankful to see me than I was pleased to see her. She caught my hands in a quick nervous clasp when we met.

"Oh, Maisie," she cried, "the relief it is to see you, my dear—the blessing it will be to have somebody about me whom I can trust!"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "What is the matter?"

My aunt shook her head with dreadful solemnity.

"The responsibility of my position is absolutely killing me, my love! If you will believe me, I never know what it is to have a moment's peace!"

Knowing her disposition so well, I assured her immediately that I had no difficulty in believing her on that point.

"If I could only trust the servants!" my aunt went on, with a groan. "But they are absolutely untruthful; and I am sure Jones drinks. But I do not allow one of them to sleep in the house now; I might be murdered in my bed if I did! Oh, no—I hope I know better than that! Every night at six o'clock out of the place Mr. and Mrs. Jones go. I lock the doors after them; and they do not come in again till six the next morning. H-u sh—here comes Mrs. Jones with the tea!"

I was very glad to find that Mrs. Jones, however ferocious a character she might be, had at least the common sense to bring me up a good substantial meal, for I was very hungry after my journey. I looked at the delicate slices of ham and the new-laid eggs and hot cake with a traveller's appreciation.

"She looks pleasant enough," I remarked when Mrs. Jones had left the room.

My aunt only shook her head.

"I am never deceived in a person," she said, with a little groan. "I often wish I were less keen-sighted; I believe I might be happier."

"Not a doubt of it," I answered.

"It is a gift," my relative went on, with an air of melancholy pride; "some people have it—others have not. It is like an eye for color or an ear for music. You ought to be very thankful, Maisie, that you never by any chance see below the surface of things."

I said I was thankful; yet that hardly seemed to please auntie. But I managed to turn the subject, and got her to be a little interested over my affairs, which did her good. Just as we were beginning to talk quite cheerfully however, Mrs. Jones came for the tea-tray.

"It's nearly six o'clock, ma'am. Would you or the young lady please come down now and lock up? As tea is so late to-night, I'll leave washing the things till the morning. My man's in a hurry to get home."

"We will both come down, Mrs. Jones," my aunt answered, with dignity. "Maisie, my dear"—to me—"I should like you to see just how I have things done. You might be of much use to me if you could make up your mind to stay a while in this dull old place."

"It's a very nice place in summer, miss," Mrs. Jones said rather huffily. I could see that she was not pleased at even an implicit depreciation of her native place.

"I am very fond of the country," I said discreetly, for I was not anxious to run counter either to my aunt's prejudices or to the opinions of Mrs. Jones.

"That's because you've never lived in it, my dear," my aunt rejoined.

Mrs. Jones sniffed significantly over the remark, but said no more.

When we had locked out Mr. and Mrs. Jones, my aunt and I went back to her little sitting-room and sat down comfortably by the fire.

"It is such a relief to have you!" the old lady said for something like the twentieth time. "Between the care and the responsibility and those dreadful people I was really growing nervous!"

It was news to me that my aunt could grow nervous.

"By 'those dreadful people' you mean Mr. and Mrs. Jones?" I asked.

My aunt nodded, shook her head, and then nodded again, evidently with profound meaning. Though she and I were alone in the house, she lowered her voice to a whisper when she answered.

"I have an instinctive distrust of them," she said; "and I rely upon my instinct!"

To this there was simply no reply to make. Fortunately my aunt did not need one. She was quite ready to do all the talking herself if she could only find a good listener; and I succeeded in appearing to be that without giving myself too much trouble.

By nine o'clock—my aunt's supper hour—she had told me three times all she knew and all she imagined about poor Mr. and Mrs. Jones. As the little clock on the mantelpiece struck nine, she concluded with the only remark in which I felt I could perfectly agree with her—

"The only wonder is that I'm not in a lunatic asylum, my dear!"

"Yes, indeed!" I answered, with a clear conscience.

When supper was over, I should have been very glad to go at once to bed, for I was weary after my journey, and it had cost me a considerable effort to keep awake during my aunt's long monotonous recitals; but several preparations had still to be made before we could retire.

A last tour of the house had to be undertaken, to make sure that there was no bolt which had not slipped home, no key left but half-way turned in a lock. Finally there was a huge scuttle of coals to be carried up-stairs and placed on the top step of the first flight.

My aunt and I struggled up with this burden.

"There!" my aunt said, setting it down with a bang. "Now, with the sitting room fire-irons balanced carefully across it, I think we shall do!"

"It is a most dangerous place for a scuttle," I remonstrated.

The old lady chuckled.

"Not dangerous for you and me, because we know of it; but, if a burglar should come, I don't think he will expect to find that in his way. Good night, my dear!"—as she kissed me. "See—I have put the pistol on the chest of drawers. It is not loaded, because I really could not consent to have such a thing as a loaded pistol about the house, even to protect my employer's property; but it will serve to intimidate the wretches if they come. Now, dearest, go to bed and sleep well! Humanly speaking, we could not have made things safer."

That may have been so, but I never felt so nervous in my life, as I did that night. The mere fact of taking so many precautions against them made me feel as if gangs of burglars were waiting outside bent on breaking in. I wondered what would happen if they should not trip over the coal-scuttle and were intimidated by the unloaded pistol.

When I fell asleep at last, it was only to have one wild and dreadful dream after another. Out of the last of the series I was startled by the most awful din I ever heard in my life.

A thunder-clap seemed to break overhead with a terrific crash; then it rolled, rolled, rolled down to the very depths of the earth; then came silence. I lay between sleeping and waking, wondering how the house could have withstood such an awful shock, when my aunt's voice brought me back to myself.

"It's the burglars!" she said in a hoarse whisper, in which there were both fear and triumph. "They have fallen over the coal-scuttle!"

"I thought it was thunder," I whispered in answer.

"Get up directly, and take the pistol and go and see what had happened!" my aunt said, still in a strained breathless tone. "Oh, what a real mercy you are here, Maisie!"

As I slipped on my dressing-gown and took the unloaded pistol from her shaking hand, I did not quite share my aunt's views of the matter. At that moment I would rather have been anywhere else.

"Make haste!" she said again. "Here's the candle! Take that in one hand and the pistol in the other; and go at once! I think, from the silence, that he must be mortally injured. There's really nothing to fear. What a mercy the scuttle was so full!"

She almost pushed me out of the room. Hers was decidedly the strongest spirit for the nonce.

With candle in one hand and pistol in the other, I stood on the landing. The unlighted hall below was like a great dark vault. I could see nothing, while I knew that, if there was any one down there, I myself must be perfectly visible to them. I heard the click of my aunt's door behind me. She had bolted it. There was no retreat.

"Who is there?" I cried, as steadily as I could. "Speak, or I fire!"

I had an hysterical inclination to laugh as I uttered the last words, they sounded so melodramatic. But my desire to laugh ceased suddenly when a male voice from somewhere in the darkness below responded—

"If you wouldn't mind coming and taking this coal-scuttle off my chest, I should feel obliged to you. My foot is hurt, and I can't move."

I wondered if the man really was hurt. If so, I could not leave him lying there, burglar or not. The coal scuttle was terribly heavy; it had been as much as my aunt and I together could do to carry it up, while I was thinking this I was slowly descending the stairs. Half-way down a thought checked me suddenly.

"Have you any accomplices?" I asked nervously. And then I fancied I heard the burglar laugh.

"I am quite alone," he answered rather tremulously, "and I have no deadly weapons about me. You have a pistol. I hope, by-the-way, you know how to use it. A pistol in the hands of an inexperienced person is about as dangerous as a mad dog. Do come down!" he added imploringly.

"You have done your best to kill me; but I don't complain—I accept that as the consequence of my own actions. I don't suppose however that you want to cripple me for life. I tell you I can't move. This int—— I mean this man-trap of yours has been a most tremendous success in every way. If your sense of justice is satisfied, won't you help me up?"

I could see him now quite plainly. He was lying with one leg bent under him. He looked quite young—not more than seven or eight and twenty, I thought.

And he might have been good-looking if his face had not been so black with coal-dust. Still how could I trust such a character? And, again, how could I leave him there in such a plight? I turned and ran swiftly back up the stairs.

"Oh, don't go!" he cried imploringly.

I knocked at my aunt's door impressively.

"Who is there?" she called, in a frightened tone. "I—I haven't any money. I am only a poor clergyman's widow, and none of the plate is kept in this room; and, if it was, it's all electro!"

"It's only I," I responded. "There is only one burglar, and he is lying down in the hall, hurt. But I will not help him unless you come and hold the pistol."

"Oh, I can't do that!" she answered, still from the other side of the locked door. "I should never have the courage to stand so close to a burglar; besides, I am always afraid of that pistol! I told you so only to night."

I hesitated as to whether to remind her in French that the pistol was unloaded, but eventually decided not to do that, for two reasons—first, because I was not sure my aunt knew French; secondly, because I was not sure the burglar did not.

After a while my aunt opened the door to talk to me. Even at that moment I could hardly help laughing at her. She looked one of the oddest figures I have ever seen, wearing a plaid flannel dressing-gown with a shawl over it, and, whether intentionally or not, she had put on her bonnet, which was all on one side.

"I couldn't possibly come down like this, you know," she said weakly. "It would be too much to ask me. A burglar is at least a man, Maisie."

I thrust the pistol into her shaking hand.

"If he doesn't like looking at you, he can shut his eyes," I answered, "and, if you don't care to look at him, you can do the same; but, for goodness' sake, remember to keep the pistol pointed steadily at his head! Both our lives may depend upon it," I added, by way of steadying her nerves.

But fortunately my last remark made them only more shaky than ever. She leaned heavily on me coming down the stairs. When she saw the burglar himself however, she gave a little cry, and made an unsuccessful attempt, I think, to faint; but I had presence of mind enough to stop that.

"If by any chance you should swoon, auntie," I remarked, "I think it only right to tell you that I shall leave you here with the burglar and go straight up to your room and lock myself in till Mr. and Mrs. Jones come in the morning."

When I had propped her against one of the pillars in the hall, I went and knelt down by the burglar. His face was very pale where it was not streaked with black. I could see he was in pain.

"Are you much hurt?" I asked softly. "What can I do?"

"I have bent my foot under me somehow," he answered, "and I can't move it. Might I trouble you?"

"Take care, Maisie," my aunt shrieked—"don't go too close to him; it's—it's dangerous! Think of your mother!"

The burglar's face twitched, either from pain or from amusement.

"Nonsense, Aunt Sophie," I said rather sharply; "my mother would be the last person in the world to leave a poor man lying here like this."

I put my candle down and drew the twisted foot as gently as I could into place. He stifled an exclamation of pain, and his face became paler than ever.

"Come away, Maisie—come!" my aunt cried. "Don't go tempting Providence any farther! If he is hurt, it serves him right. He wouldn't have minded murdering us all in our beds, I dare say! And the fool will have plenty of time to get well in prison!"—in quite a spiteful tone.

"I am not going to bed again," she went on; "I couldn't sleep another wink if I were paid for it. And the air in this hall is bitterly cold; the place is full of draughts. We shall both catch our death!

Come into my sitting-room, Maisie, and I'll light the fire and make a cup of tea. Why don't you come?"

I was lingering still, unwilling either to go or to stay. The man was hurt—I was certain of that now. Providence and our coal scuttle had nearly broken his ankle. And on the morrow he would have to go to prison! Doubtless he deserved it all, yet I could not help pitying him, and the more so that he made no appeal of any sort. Now that I had put his foot into a more comfortable position, he lay quite still; but his eyes were at times raised inquiringly to mine.

"What do you mean to do?" my aunt cried crossly. "Why do you stand there staring? Bless the girl, what has come to her?"

I turned to the helpless man at my feet.

"Do you think, if I were to help you and you had a stick to lean on, you could get into my aunt's sitting-room? It is only a few steps; then you could lie down on the sofa, and I could cut off your boot. Of course," I added severely, "you will go to prison in the morning, as my aunt says; but still I don't see why you need suffer so much pain now."

"It would be much nicer on the sofa," the burglar said gratefully, "if you are quite sure I sha'n't be in your way, or your aunt's"—glancing at her as she stood, tall and implacable, looking, oh, so ridiculous, with her bonnet all on one side!

"I never had any idea that burglars had such nice manners," I thought, as I fetched him a stick and helped him to rise, while my aunt looked on in amazement.

"I suppose you belong to what is called the 'swell mob?'" I said to him inquisitively.

He was standing on his sound foot then, and leaning rather heavily on me. But, to my dismay, he began to laugh immoderately at my very natural question. He clung to my arm, and his mirth literally swayed me to and fro. I wondered if he was mad or hysterical, and I began to feel alarmed. Perhaps my pity had carried me to imprudent lengths, after all. I think he saw how disconcerted I was, for after a few moments he stopped laughing as he had begun.

"I beg your pardon," he said earnestly—"I hope I have not offended you; but this foot of mine is bad, and I suppose it has unnerved me a little."

I accepted his apologies in silence, and managed to get him across the hall into my aunt's room—not without a good deal of effort on both our parts. He did not speak again till he was on the sofa.

"Thank you! It's a good thing the sofa is black, isn't it?" he said, with a queer smile.

"What shameless effrontery!" my aunt cried angrily. "You would have done far better to leave him out in the hall, Maisie. The sofa indeed! A pretty idea to keep a sofa for injured burglars!"

She had still the pistol in her hand, and pointed it at him at intervals when she happened to remember. He addressed her now very suavely.

"I am afraid you find that weapon very much in your way; and it is really a source of danger, not only to myself, but to all of us. Besides, how will you be able to get your niece and yourself the refreshment you need while you are so hampered? Might I suggest that, if you were to tie me down on this sofa quite securely, in any way you think best, you might then put down the pistol, and we should all be a great deal more comfortable?"

"It's the rope trick!" my aunt said, in a whisper to me. "I've seen it done, my dear! Tie them as you like, they always manage to get loose. But they generally have a banjo and bells to ring, and so on. It wouldn't be safe to do it!"

I had been cutting the laces of his boot, and at last had got the boot off, and also the red silk sock, which I had slit ruthlessly. I never knew burglars wore silk socks, by-the-way.

For answer to my aunt I pointed to the man's foot. I knew but little of such things; I was a High School teacher, not a nurse. Still a child could have told that this poor burglar whom we had so cleverly caught was not able to stand.

"Dear, dear me!" my aunt said. "Dear me! That's very bad! I think I'll tie the poor man down; and—and we must trust to his honor, Maisie. Do you hear, sir? We shall tie you down and trust to your honor!" she added very distinctly to him.

And the man showed his sense of humor of the situation by displaying nearly all his very fine white teeth in a broad smile as he answered that he understood.

With a sigh of relief aunt Sophie laid down the pistol.

"There's my box-cord at the bottom of the cupboard in my room," she said, "and there's my bottle of arnica on the top shelf. Will you—— No—I'll go and fetch them. You had better stay here, Maisie."

She hurried out of the room, but turned back at the door to give me a last word of advice and caution.

"Watch him carefully, and, if you are in the least alarmed, fire at once!" she added, with a little nod to me which the burglar was not intended to see.

But I fancied he saw it, though he said nothing—indeed neither of us spoke until auntie came back with the box-cord and the arnica. She herself tied him very elaborately, drawing the rope over his chest and then under the sofa, tightening it with a turn round each leg— sofa leg, I mean—and then making several double-knots. At last she seemed satisfied.

"Now I'll light the fire. And you had better see to his foot, my dear," she said quite pleasantly. "I don't think there is any danger now."

I sat down on a low seat by the sofa to bathe the swollen foot; and for a time there was no sound but that of the trickling of the water from my fingers and the crackling of sticks in the fire.

"What a good Samaritan you are!" the burglar said at last, with a sigh; and I answered quickly—

"Yes; but it was the thief who fell down this time."

I was sorry afterwards for having said that, for it seemed like triumphing over him; and, after all, there was no need to triumph over a fellow-creature whom in a few hours we were going to send to prison.

"The tea is ready, Maisie," said my aunt.

I was glad of it, for I was chilly and shivery after the excitement. I showed consideration to the burglar by bringing him a cup; but, when I was at his side, I remembered that he could not possibly take it unless all auntie's ropes were untied.

"Are you thirsty? Would you like some tea?" I asked hesitatingly.

"Very much indeed, if it is possible," he answered slowly.

I slipped my hand under his head and held the tea to his lips. He drank quite slowly, in little sips, as if he enjoyed it very much; but I felt rather warm and uncomfortable.

It was such a very odd position for a High School mistress whose "subjects" were Literature and Botany! What would my late head mistress have thought if she could have seen me giving tea so gently to a member of the "swell mob"? I felt sure he was that. I heard my aunt murmur an exclamation of astonishment; but I did not mind that and comforted myself by thinking that what I was doing was right, if not exactly conventional.

So, when I got a chance, I drank my own tea with much enjoyment; and after that my aunt nodded by the fire, and I kept up its cheerful blaze and bathed the burglar's ankle at intervals until six o'clock.

Punctually at six o'clock we heard a ring of the front-door bell. My aunt was wide awake at once.

"I'll go down, Maisie—I'll go!" she said. "Don't you move! I'll tell them what has happened, and Jones can go for the police at once, or—— Yes—it would be best for Mrs. Jones to go, and——"

A voice from the sofa interrupted her.

"Would you mind your man going to Mr. Arbuthnot's first," it said very persuasively—"Mr. Arbuthnot of the Dale? You can send for the whole police force of the county afterwards, if it pleases you, if you will do me the favor of securing me five minutes' conversation with Mr. Arbuthnot first. Thank you!" Auntie had not said a word. "Then, if you will allow me, I think I will write a note. Would—ah, Miss Maisie, would you give me a piece of writing-paper or a card? Anything will do. There is a pencil-case on my watch-chain."

My aunt and I looked at each other; the same thought had flashed across us both. Had there—could there possibly have been some dreadful mistake? Who and what was our captive?

In silence I detached the pencil from his chain and gave him a card to write on. Without asking to be untied, he scribbled a few lines. I noticed that the pencil had a crest on the top; I had noticed it before on his chain, but had of course supposed both to be unlawfully-acquired property. Had I been rash?

Somehow we said no more about the police. The note was taken by Jones, and we all awaited the reply. I think that the burglar was the least anxious, as far as appearances went.

My aunt seemed for the first time to become conscious of her bonnet and curl-papers. It was too late now for me to trouble about my dressing-gown and loosened hair.

"If—if you will stay with this—person," aunt Sophie said at last, "I think I will go up stairs and prepare to receive Mr. Arbuthnot."

So the burglar and I were left alone. I was feeling wretchedly awkward and uncomfortable. If the man was really what we had taken him to be, then I could find it in my heart to pity him in spite of his ill-deeds; but, if he was merely some young man who had heard of my aunt's nervousness and determined to play her a trick, then I was glad he had not got off quite scot-free.

"My foot is really so painful," he said at this moment, with a slight groan, "would you mind—that arnica is so delightfully cooling—would it trouble you too much to bathe it again?"

I bathed it as carefully as I could. While I was still busy, my aunt returned. She wore her Sunday black silk and a gold brooch that contained a portrait of my late uncle; curl-papers and bonnet were gone.

But she looked nervous and uncertain. I think she would have given my grandmother's gold watch or even the silver pepper-casters at that moment to know what was exactly the wisest course to pursue.

The arrival of Mr. Arbuthnot put an end to our perplexities. When he came in, my aunt and I retired; it was evidently what we were expected to do. The door closed behind us; we looked at each other

"Who is Mr. Arbuthnot?" I asked in a whisper.

"Leading man in the county," she whispered in reply. "Family stands next to the Rysdales. Oh, Maisie, listen! What can they be laughing at?" For peals of laughter were coming from my aunt's sitting-room. "What can it mean?"

"I don't believe he is a burglar at all," I replied, feeling intensely angry—I scarcely knew why; and then I went up stairs to dress.

After a while, I heard Mr. Arbuthnot call to Mrs. Jones to bring some hot water and towels; and then I heard Jones despatched to fetch Doctor Trevor. But, before the doctor arrived, there came a polite message to my aunt and me—the gentlemen would be glad if we would go downstairs.

At first I would not go. Why should I? I was not housekeeper there; the affair was no business of mine. But auntie implored me to go.

"Do come, Maisie dearest! I should sink through the floor with shame if I had to go down and meet them alone! Oh, if it should turn out to be a friend of Mr. Arbuthnot's! What could he have thought of my plaid dressing-gown? Maisie, don't desert me!"

And, lo, there was the burglar looking very spruce and clean, if rather pale! Without the coal-dust, he was distinctly good-looking.

Mr. Arbuthnot addressed my aunt.

"My dear madam, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Rysdale. Oh, no apologies, pray—the whole situation is entirely his fault! Only my friend Jack has unfortunately never in his life stopped to think when he wanted to do a thing"—here the burglar laughed softly—"and it happened that he wanted, or thought he wanted, a particular old document which is in the library down here!

"He can never wait for anything, so he rushed off from London by the last train last night, got to our little station at two in the morning, walked over here, let himself in—like a burglar, I must admit—by pushing back the window bolt with his pocket-knife, stole quietly upstairs, and—fell over the coal-scuttle!"

Here he began to laugh again, enjoying the joke immensely.

"I am sure, if we had only known," my aunt began.

"Please," cried Mr. Rysdale entreatingly—"please, Mrs. Hamilton, don't make me more ashamed of my thoughtless conduct than I am already! I want you to forgive me if you can, because I fear I shall have to quarter myself upon you for a few days. I think my foot will keep me here a little time, and, if I may, I would much rather stay here than go to the inn."

Fancy the mock humility of the man, asking leave to stop in his own house! But auntie was quite touched by it.

"If you may!" she cried. "Why, we shall be only too delighted to have you—sha'n't we, Maisie? It will be a great pleasure!"

I was not to be tricked into fancying myself Mr. Rysdale's hostess, even if my poor aunt was so weak, so I said nothing. He looked at me rather anxiously, but I was unconcerned.

Then there was breakfast to get ready. Of course Mr. Arbuthnot stayed, and my aunt and Mrs. Jones were extremely busy trying to prepare the nicest possible meal in the shortest possible time. I did my best to assist them, made the table look pretty, patted the butter into dear little balls and rolls, while auntie made toast and Mrs. Jones poached eggs.

I do not think auntie really knew how to do enough for the young man whom she had intended to send to prison that morning. But I had nothing to atone for, and I was not in the least sorry now for his sprained foot. If people would do such very foolish things, I thought, they must take the consequences.

"Now, Maisie dear, I think we can have our breakfast!" said my aunt, when Mrs. Jones had bustled into the dining room with coffee and cream and rolls.

"Yes—I shall be very glad," I answered, feeling rather limp now that it was all over.

Mrs. Jones came hurrying back.

"Mr. Rysdale's and Mr. Arbuthnot's compliments, if you please, ma'am, and will you and the young lady join them at breakfast?"

"Dear me—they are vastly polite!" said my aunt, at once flustered and flattered. "I suppose we can't refuse, Maisie?"

"You had better go," I answered rather ungraciously; "as for me, I have had quite enough of Mr. Rysdale's society to last me for some time, and I shall breakfast here!"

"Still it is very polite of them," Aunt Sophie said dubiously; "and, if they wait, the breakfast will be all cold. Do come!"

I shook my head decidedly.

"No, no—go at once, auntie, and don't keep them waiting! Cold poached eggs are horrid!"

That consideration decided her, and I was left to my solitary breakfast in peace.

But I did not enjoy it; I was tired and cross. All night long—or rather for a good part of the night—I had done nothing but bathe that horrid man's foot, in the belief that he was a burglar about to undergo imprisonment for his crimes, and all the time he was nothing of the sort. He should have told us at once, I decided, forgetting entirely that, if he had done so, neither my aunt nor I would have believed him for a moment. I felt deeply aggrieved.

The Doctor came after a while. I saw his carriage drive up to the door, and watched him get out.

"Now he is going to hear the whole story," I said to myself. "I dare say not an incident will be omitted which can give it point—even my aunt's curl-papers will receive honorable mention, no doubt! How I hate that man!"

I hated him so much that after breakfast I went for a long walk on purpose to get out of his way.

It was not a cheering day. A gray mist rested over everything, and a clinging dampness was in the air. But I found a few wonderful gold and russet leaves the frost had left and a fluffy feathery spray of "old man's beard." I made them into a bunch with some scarlet haws.

When I returned to the house, I went straight to my aunt's room, and there, to my surprise and annoyance, was Mr. Rysdale quite comfortably reclining on the sofa where he had rested all night before in his character of burglar.

"What a charming nosegay you have there!" he said as I entered. "I had no idea there were such pretty things in the hedges still!"

Then, as I did not speak, he said quickly—

"Do you mind my being here, Miss Hamilton?"

"This is my aunt's room," I answered stiffly, "Not mine. And, besides, why should I mind?"

"I don't know," he said slowly. "But you are angry with me, I can see. Ah, well, you have a good right to be! I woke you up and frightened you almost to death in my heedless folly. And then I kept you up all night and gave you no end of trouble. No wonder you can't forgive me!"

I was not to be wheedled as my aunt had been, so I said very curtly that it did not matter, that there was nothing to for-

give. And he pretended to take me at my word, and was instantly on the best possible terms with me and himself apparently. He talked so cleverly and well that I was obliged to be interested at last; and, when he said his foot was hot and painful again, what could I do but offer to bathe it?

That foot took a long time to get well. It was really badly hurt, of course, but so slow a recovery as Mrs. Ryedale's I never knew. I lost patience with him at last.

"I don't believe you want to get well!" I said one day to him.

But I wished I had held my peace when he answered—

"Indeed I don't!"

Then I tried to make an excuse to go, but he would not let me until he had told me a great deal of nonsense. For of course I never was pretty, and I am not gentle and sympathetic by nature, as he would have it I was.

I told him so, but he only laughed. And then he told me again the one thing that I hoped might perhaps be true of it all, that he loved me and that he wanted me to marry him.

"It's a very bad match for you," I whispered.

"No—it's the best in the world," he answered promptly, "for you are so sensible! You will keep me out of all mischief in the future—and no one else has ever been able to do that. It will be a much more difficult and responsible post than being head mistress of a High School; but——"

I smiled on him then, and—it was very bold of me—said—

"I think I shall like the situation."

And I do!

COUNTRY LIFE OF OLD.

ENGLISH country and provincial life at the close of the eighteenth century had changed greatly in several of its essential features from what it had been at the reign of George the Third.

At the earlier period the aspect of the country itself was for the most part desolate and dreary to the extreme. Agriculture had made but comparatively little progress, sparse patches of cultivation, alternating at wide intervals with the swamps and wastes, which made up the prevailing features of the landscape.

It was the opening out of fresh roads in every direction, and the conversion of muddy bridlepaths and narrow footways into wide and properly levelled "turnpikes," passable for vehicles of every kind, which wrought so material a change in the social relations and the manners of English country life.

The taste and comfort which nowadays are rarely absent from a villa or suburban residence of even the humblest kind were seldom to be found even among the homes of the country gentry prior to the middle of last century.

Landscape gardening was confined to the seats of the great proprietors, and such a thing as an ordinary flower-garden was a by no means usual accessory even to the mansion of a gentleman qualified to dub himself a knight of the shire.

The houses themselves, although generally substantial structures enough, were rarely kept in a state of repair and cleanliness such as would accord with our modern notions of decency and comfort. The stables and kennels were in too close proximity to them, occupying the site which is now usually devoted to conservatories and flower borders.

The rough fields and stony rutted lanes through which the mansion was approached presented the greatest possible contrast to the carefully kept avenues, the shaven lawns, and all the ornate surroundings of a modern country residence.

To a woman of any education and refinement an English manor-house of a hundred and fifty years ago must have been an intolerable home.

The state of the roads during a great part of the year was such as to render visiting impracticable. The library of the Hall probably consisted of a book of reckonings, the "Justice of the Peace," a volume of drinking songs, and a book of sports. There were no country book clubs or London circulating libraries in those days.

The country town, unless it were one of the chief centres of provincial life, had probably not even one bookseller's shop, and was dependent for its literary supplies upon the occasional visits of a hawker, or the traveling agent of some large firm, who went round with his pack from house to house, or set a stall from which he dispensed his wares on fair or market days.

In small provincial towns it was the custom among polite society to assemble every Sunday evening in tea gardens, generally known as "Little Ranelaghs," and there regale themselves with cakes and home brewed ale.

On moonlight nights—for at other times, owing to the scarcity of lamps, the company would have had some difficulty in finding their way home—concerts were sometimes held in these gardens, while, occasionally, a company of strolling players would arrive and give a performance in a barn.

But the rude and ignorant yeomanry were, taking them all in all, a better class than the gross and sordid inhabitants of the towns, where drunkenness was the all-pervading vice of the middle and lower orders.

In domestic habits the distinction between the two classes was of the slightest. The master tradesman lived with his servants in the kitchen, and it was only on Sundays and holidays that the parlor or "best room" was made use of.

After the day's business was over, the public house was the common resort, and it was a rare thing for its frequenters to reach home in a state of sobriety.

Such practices, even when kept up from day to day, the year round, involved no loss of character, and it would have been considered a very strange and frivolous objection to a fellow-townsman who aspired to the dignity of alderman, or mayor, that he was an habitual drunkard who rarely went sober to bed.

The chief place of fashionable resort for both town and country people was Bath, which long maintained its supremacy over all its rivals.

Many lively pictures are extant of the mode of life affected by its visitors. People in those days amused themselves in much the same frivolous and unsatisfactory manner as in our own times, and must have yawned through the day with equal persistency. At eight in the morning the fashionable world proceeded in dishabille to the pump room, where they drank the waters while a noisy band thundered in the gallery.

Beneath the pump room was the king's bath, described as "a huge cistern, where you see the patients of both sexes up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs."

Close to the pump-room was a coffee house for ladies, the *headquarters of gossip* and scandal. But the principal scenes of entertainment were the two public rooms, where "the company met alternately every evening.

They are generally crowded with well-dressed people, who drink tea in separate parties, play at cards, walk, or sit and chat together. Twice a week there is a subscription ball."

At this time a species of stage-coach, called "The Machine," occupied two days in going between Bath and London, carrying ten inside passengers and sixteen outside, including the driver and guard. The fare was twenty-five shillings.

Gentlemen who were above traveling by a public conveyance frequently advertised for a companion to join them in a post-chaise, who in that case would divide the charges and diminish the risk of an attack by highwaymen.

For those among the poorer classes who had occasion to take a journey there was the slow, springless road wagon, in which, with plenty of fresh straw to lie upon, and a tilt overhead to ward off sun and rain, the travelers jolted along among the boxes, bales, and general merchandise that filled up the rest of the lumbering vehicle; telling stories and singing songs to beguile the time; and it may be, as happy in their way as the third-class passengers of to-day speeding across England at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour.

LONG DISTANCE DANCING.—Some ingenious advocate of the advantages of dancing as a calisthenic exercise has been laboriously working out the distances required to be traversed during the ordinary duration of the dances now in vogue.

It seems that in a square dance a girl has to cover half a mile, while a waltz is three quarters of a mile long. From these data we can easily arrive at the extent of her orbit during a Christmas party.

Suppose we allow her six square dances; that, at half a mile each, would mean three miles. Add to them eight waltzes at three quarters of a mile each, and we get six miles. Sir Roger de Coverley and sundries ought to be worth another mile, so that we have ten miles as the result of the evening's gyration.

It is really wonderful how circumstances alter cases. If one were to suggest that the lady should take a ten-mile walk instead, the offer would be scouted as being far beyond her strength; just as a man will shrink from the effort of walking fifteen miles along a country road and yet travel eighteen pottering about the house all day.

By the way, it may be news to some people that the polka, which seems to be as old as the hills, was invented in 1830, and that the inventor, who bears the euphonious name of Ianieska Raieask, is still alive.

Being asked to come out with something new for a certain village festival, she hit upon the combination of quick short steps, which procured for the novelty the name of polka, and the polka becoming popular in the district around spread to Vienna, whence as the polka it found its way to Paris and on to London.

Not only did it go the round of the fashionable world, but it became so popular in Bohemia, the land of its origin, that it was adopted as the national dance, and in the guide books is generally described as being of considerable antiquity, much to the disgust of the still active Ianieska.

WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP.—"Is there a permanent cure for insomnia?" repeated a physician about it in reply to a question the other day. "Yes, there is as much philosophy in regard to sleep as there is in anything else.

"It is generally accepted by the medical profession that our conscious daily thinking processes are carried on by the sinister half of the brain—that is, in the lobe which controls the action of the right arm and leg.

"From this line of reasoning it naturally follows that one dreams with the other lobe, and that the abnormal character of dreams is in some way traceable to that fact.

"To bring back sleep when lost we must quiet the conscious, thinking, sinister side of the brain, and bring into activity only the dream side—that is, the dexter side.

"To do this the old device was to try to compel one's self to put aside every waking thought, even soothing and pleasant ones—every effort of daylight memory. The better plan, and one that is meeting with a great deal of success, is to think of a dream, the more recent the better, and go over and over the scenes it presented.

"Armed with this idea, the next time a sufferer finds himself awake at night, instead of merely trying to banish the painful thought and repeating numbers, according to habit, let him revert at once to the dream which was the cause of his awakening, and try to go on with it. As a result he will find that sleep will soon come."

AS NICKNAMED.—Everybody is familiar with the name of Tommy Atkins, representing the British soldier; but how many know the terms of endearment by which the German soldiers are called? None of these are applied to the entire regiment, none to an individual corps.

The guards are called "hammel" or sheep; the guards call the soldiers of the line "field rats;" the infantry speak of the cavalry as "grooms," and the cavalry return the compliment by bestowing upon the infantry the names of "sand-hares," "sand-carriers" and "sand-hoppers."

The cuirassiers are known as "flour sacks," the pioneers as "moles," the hussars as "pack-threads," and the artillery as "cow-soldiers." The latter are also called "astronomers," and the engineers "water rats."

In these divisions, again, the corps have names for themselves and their rivals. In the cavalry the 7th Cuirassiers are the "whitesmiths," the 1st Hussars the "death-heads," as their shako bears this emblem; and the 4th Hussars, from their brown uniforms, are called "partridges," the only brown in the German army, preserved in remembrance of Frederick II., who used all the cloth found in a Capuchin convent for his soldiers.

The green uniform with yellow facings has given to the 6th Hussars the name of "spinach and eggs," and for a similar reason the 10th Hussars are called "parrots."

In the guards the 1st Regiment of Foot are called "tin-hearts," in poetic allusion to their helmets; the Chasseurs are the "green frogs;" the 1st Grenadiers, "potato-peelers;" the Hussars, "glow worms," from their red clothes; the 3rd Uhlans, "dustmen," from their dull yellow trimmings; and the Pioneers, "earth worms."

At Home and Abroad.

The Methodist Church at Winside, Neb., rented and planted to wheat sixty acres of land, the crop to be sold for the benefit of the church, and the example has been followed by another Methodist church at Wayne, in the same State; the latter having rented a farm near the village on which wheat, corn and garden truck will be grown to lift a debt of several hundred dollars on the church property. Other churches are expected to adopt the same plan. This is carrying the Pingree method a notch beyond giving people an opportunity to support themselves.

The dictionaries, always addicted to commonplace derivations, insist that "porterhouse" steaks are so called because they were first sold at houses where porter was also sold. Perhaps this is so; but the listener would like to think that they were invented at Porter's tavern, at North Cambridge, and that, starting from this humble but festive hostelry, had made the triumphant tour of the world. It will no doubt be a hard matter to establish this Cambridge ancestry for the succulent and liberal porterhouse steak, and yet porterhouse steaks are no more celebrated than Parker House rolls. Harvard men go everywhere, and Parker's and Porter's have been in the days of their respective ascendancies considerably more than a household word to Harvard men.

Ah Yong, of San Francisco, a cook, was hired by Mrs. Van Dussen, of that town, two weeks ago. The agreement was for a month on trial. At the end of the fourth day Ah Yong said he didn't like his job and wanted to be paid off and let go. Mrs. Van Dussen told him he couldn't get any money until his month was up. Ah Yong said all right. Next morning he arose early, unscrewed the door of the cook stove and decamped with it. Of course, this upset all of the cooking arrangements. Mrs. Van Dussen reported her troubles to the police, and next day Ah Yong was caught and the oven door was recovered. But the police held the door to be used as evidence against Ah Yong, and for several days the Van Dussen family lived on boiled dinners.

A recent writer on Australia gives the following points concerning which that country is dissimilar to other countries in the world. Australia is really the antipodes of the remainder of the world in all respects. Summer time comes during the time of European Winter; the rising barometer indicates rain, and the falling the opposite; the swans are all black, and the eagles white; the native dogs never bark, the prickly pear grows to be a tall tree, and the poplars and oaks seldom grow above breast high; the cats has hair in place of feathers; the chief rivers flow inland; the pear tree grows a fruit that is beautiful to look upon, but which, when ripe, is as hard as though fashioned from the wood of the tree itself; the leaves of the trees all stand edgewise and cast no shadows; the opossums fly like bats, and the kingfisher never catches fish, but lives on fruit.

In view of the English actor, Henry Irving's frequent performance of the dual role of Lesurques and Dubosc, in "The Lyons Mail," it is interesting to note the death in Paris of Vicomte Clary, nephew of the wives of King Joseph Bonaparte of Spain, and Marshal Bernadotte, King of Sweden. It was this very Vicomte who sought with all his power, but in vain, to have the sentence of the real Lesurques reversed. Many who witness the play are unaware that the "Lyons Mail" case was actually tried, and that the exact case of mistaken identity portrayed in the drama led to the conviction of the innocent man. In this case, indeed, fact proved stranger than fiction. In the play Lesurques is rescued from the gallows at the last moment. The Lesurques of reality was not proved innocent to the satisfaction of the Court until too late, and was executed in the last year of the last century.

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Our Young Folks.

THE THREE ELVES.

BY R. T. D.

"Yes, yes, we are elves!" they all cried as they sat in a row on the branch of the big tree, swinging their little legs merrily backwards and forwards.

"But I thought elves and fairies only lived in picture books, and that they never came to life."

"We are alive, we assure you."

Frankie Stewart sat upon his branch and rubbed his eyes.

"Why, I am dreaming! Oh! oh! oh!!!" he cried.

There was a merry laugh from the elves, and one asked—

"Now do you believe we are alive, or shall Nip convince you again?"

"No, no, no—please don't," replied Frankie, as he rubbed his little, bare leg, which had been badly pinched by Nip; "I'm quite sure you are alive now."

There was a clapping of small hands, accompanied by ringing laughter, and Frankie wondered how it was that nurse did not hear, and come back and frighten the elves away.

"You are a naughty boy," cried one of the elves as he came and sat beside him. "Ha! ha! ha!"

"I—a naughty boy?"

"Yes. Did not your nurse tell you that you were not to climb this tree, and yet here you are?"

"Yes, yes," said Frankie as he shifted his seat on the branch; "but I will never do it again. Please let me get down now."

"No, you must come with us to day and help do our work. We are the tree fairies."

Then one of the elves played a funny little tune on what looked to be a small flageolet, whilst the others joined hands and danced around in a circle, shouting all the time, "Acorns! acorns! acorns!"

Frankie was amused for a time, but then he felt a peculiar sensation. Why, he was growing smaller and smaller.

His hat changed into a hat with a feather in it; then his nice sailor suit disappeared, and in its place he found he was wearing a funny little suit of brown russet made from oak leaves.

Last of all his shoes went, and in their stead he had a pair made from laurel leaves, which came to a long point in front.

Suddenly the music stopped, and with it the elves. Then it was that Frankie discovered that he was no bigger than the little manikins that surrounded him.

"Now I will introduce you," said the elf that had sat beside Frankie and had done most of the talking.

"This is Nip. Nip, you know; he was the little gentleman that convinced you that we were alive. Here is Pip, our musician, Lip, Rip—so named because he is always in mischief—Nip, and my own name is Tip. There, now you know us all. To work, gentlemen, please. I will look after Frankie to see that he does his fair share."

With this the other little elves ran off—first, however, having saluted Tip.

"Why do they take off their caps to you?" asked Frankie, as he stood straight upright upon the branch, wondering all the time how it was he did not fall.

"Well, you see, I am a lieutenant of her gracious Majesty the Fairy Queen, and I am responsible for the work of the tree fairies under my charge. Now, come along with me and I will show you the work you have to do."

Hand in hand, they hopped from branch to branch, until they came to a huge nut, in which they nearly got entangled.

"Look where you are going," cried Tip, "or you will have the tailor after you."

"The tailor; what tailor?"

"Our tailor. See, there he is, making our spring suits."

Frankie peered into the nut, and there before him he saw a big spider weaving together little green suits made from oak leaves.

"I never knew spiders did that before," cried Frankie as he hopped along, clutching Tip by the hand, fearing that he would tumble.

Presently they arrived at the lowest branch of the tree, having passed on their way dozens and dozens of little elves with loads on their backs, and others sitting on branches and twigs, boring little holes.

"What are all those elves doing?" asked Frankie.

"They are preparing the trees for the new suit of spring clothing. There you see them boring away, and putting in tiny sprigs of green. They in time will grow into leaves.

"Those others you see who are just climbing up the trunk are bringing blossoms, and later on will carry that away. Next, as the year gets older they bring along the little green apples. So it is with all the trees. But now to your work, for if you do not hurry you will not finish before your dinner time."

Frankie looked around, but could not see what work he possibly could do.

"You see these little twigs that are broken and bent. That is what you did when you climbed the tree. Now you will have to mend them."

"But how?"

"I will soon show you. Mip!" he shouted, "bring me some green bark; Pip, some salve; Hip, run to the tailor's and get me some thread; and Lip, you bring the paint, while Nip will get the brushes. Lip shall hold the twig whilst you mend it. There, now, start away, and I will come back presently to see how you are getting on." And away Tip hopped.

Oh, what a job that was! First of all they bent the broken twig into its proper place, then Rip gave Frankie the thread from the spider's web, to wind round and round it; then the salve had to be laid carefully on; next the bark, and then the painting had to be done. Frankie had to do it all himself, too.

It was a tiresome piece of business. When that was finished, there were all the other twigs to do. Frankie had no idea how many he had damaged until he had to repair them. At last they were all finished.

Then Lieutenant Tip arrived.

"You have done them very well, considering it is your first attempt," he said. "Now I have orders to take you before the Fairy Queen, so come along."

The elves joined hands and ran along the boughs until they came to the edge; then Mip made a spring and caught the branch of an adjoining tree, and Frankie found himself swinging in mid air, for Mip held on to the branch on the other tree.

"Isn't this fun?" cried Rip as he swung backwards and forwards.

"I don't think it is," said Frankie, "for it hurts my shoulders."

"You will soon get used to it. I think it is jolly," replied Rip, still swinging.

"Hurry along, please, and none of your fun, Master Rip," said Pip. "You know the queen is waiting."

How it was, Frankie never knew; whether it was that the sharp tone of Lieutenant Tip frightened Rip or not, but he suddenly let go, as did the little elf that was holding his other hand, and with a bump the little boy landed upon the ground.

Frankie sat up and rubbed his eyes. He had got his own sailor suit on again, and his cap was lying on the ground beside him.

He got on to his feet and peered into the old tree, but not an elf could be seen. He walked around the tree and examined the twigs. None were bent and broken. Had he been dreaming, after all?

"That's funny," he said in a perplexed tone, as he screwed his cap up in his hands; "but I'll never climb that old tree again."

And he never did.

THE THREE BUTTERFLIES.

BY T. H. C.

ONCE upon a time there were three butterflies: a white one, a red one and a yellow one. They sported in the bright sunshine, and flitted hither and thither from flower to flower, delighted with their lives and never growing weary. But alas! down came the rain all at once, wetting their lovely wings, and making them fly away to seek shelter in their tiny home, but oh! dear, dear! only to find on arriving there, the door fast closed and barred. What was to be done? for the rain came faster and faster. Flying to the tulip, they said—

"Do, dear tulip, just open your leaves a little that we may creep in, for we are getting so wet out here."

The tulip unfolded a petal reluctantly, and seeing who was waiting, made answer—

"The red one and yellow one may come in, but the white one I do not care for. He must remain away."

"Oh," said the other two, "if White may not come with us, neither will we accept your kindness;" and off they flew again. But the rain fell heavier and heavier. Tapping gently at the lily's door, they begged once more admission.

"Ah," said the lily, opening a tiny space, "the white one may enter, for he looks like myself; but you two others I will not have."

Then White responded—

"I shall only go where my brothers may follow. Rather than leave each other in the lurch we will drown together."

But the kind sun behind the dark clouds had heard all that had gone on, and now came forth once more, chasing the rain away, and shining more brightly than before.

Soon the wings of the butterflies were dry again, and they sported and played merrier than ever, dancing on till evening time, when the tinkling harebells rang them softly home to rest and sleep.

LITTLE DIVERSIONS OF THE TONGUE.—It is well known that in the hurry of speech and anxiety to be polite one is often liable to slips of the tongue, which may put a different construction upon the sentence from what was intended. At an evening party a lady said to her partner—

"Can you tell me who that exceedingly plain man is sitting opposite to us?"

"That is my brother," he replied.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she replied, much confused; "I did not notice the resemblance."

That was putting one's foot in it, and yet was, perhaps, not so awkward as it might have been. After a certain concert, a well-known German cantatrice asked a gentleman to whom she had been introduced how he liked her duet.

"You sang charmingly, madam," was the reply. "But why did you select such a horrible piece of music?"

"Sir, that was written by my late husband!" said the indignant singer.

"Ah, yes, of course, I did not mean—But why did you select such a fool to sing with you?"

"Heavens!" almost screamed the lady, "that is my present husband."

A lady said something the other day at a friend's dinner that found a mark the archer little meant.

There were several strangers present, and in response to a remark made about a certain lady of a certain age, the fair guest in question exclaimed—

"Why, good gracious! she is as old as the hills!" and could not imagine in the least what had caused the general consternation.

She did a little later, however, when it was explained to her that two maiden sisters at the table, whose names she did not catch in the introduction, were called Hill, and were extremely sensitive on the subject of age.

Much better unsaid would have been part of the address of a collector for charities, who, raising his hat to a lady at the front door, began—

"Madam, I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor, ragged, vicious children like those at your gate, and our object is——"

"Sir, those children are mine!" and the slamming of the door finished the sentence.

An awkward compliment once rather disturbed the harmony of a wedding breakfast, given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest being the bride.

A neighboring young farmer, who was honored with an invitation, thinking, no doubt, he ought to say something smart and complimentary upon the event, addressing the bridegroom, said—

"Well, you have got the pick of the batch."

The unmarried sisters should have appreciated the intended compliment to their married sister, but the speech was risky.

It only goes to show that the man who can think to say the right thing at the right time is one to be envied, and that he who cannot open his mouth in conversation without putting his foot in it should keep it shut.

INGRATITUDE.—There are some who are always expecting gratitude and always being disappointed. They are astonished that their services are so slightly appreciated, that their kindness excites so little emotion, that their charity receives such small thanks. They forget how widely standpoints differ; they cannot imagine that they may possibly magnify their own benevolence as much as others seem to underrate it, or that it may not have been of the kind to appeal to the mind of the one receiving it. Nor do they consider how hard it is for some people to feel themselves under an obligation, and how often this feeling induces a manner more ungracious than the heart itself would prompt.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Four per cent. of infants die before attaining the age of one year.

The daily average number of marriages throughout the world is 8,000.

Of all serpents the Indian cobra is said to be the most susceptible to music.

There are 1,463 hotels in Chicago, having accommodation for 135,000 guests.

A porter in Constantinople, with steady employment, can make 60 cents a day.

At last accounts potatoes were selling in some of the Alaskan mining regions for $1 a pound.

The tortoise is the longest lived of all animals, frequently reaching the age of 250 years.

The otter excels every animal in swimming, its speed being superior to that of many fishes.

A mole's home in the earth has always four or five outlets. By means of one or the other the inmate is always able to elude danger.

Vincent Ray, a Chippewa Indian, who died the other day at Superior, Wis., left an estate valued at [illegible].

Carbonic acid is now being used as the refrigerating agent in vessels engaged in the frozen meat trade.

A Summit, Mich., farmer displayed five onions that weighed 7¼ pounds. Nine of them filled a peck measure.

The catacombs of Rome are 600 miles in extent, and it is estimated that they contain from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 dead.

"He has eaten his last rice," is the expression used by the Chinese when they wish to imply that a man's end is near.

The climate of Mexico is so varied that in that country can be raised any product of the tropics or the polar regions.

The amount spent by Germany to support her standing army is equal to one-third of the resources of the entire state.

It is estimated that two years are required for the waters of the Gulf Stream to travel from Florida to the coast of Norway.

In St. Petersburg it begins to freeze at the end of October, and a general thaw rarely takes place before the beginning of April.

Lightning is said to attack by preference trees covered with lichens and mosses, trees with bare trunks rarely failing victims to it.

The new 130 ton steel guns cost $135,000 each, and each shot costs $4,200. War is becoming so expensive that only rich nations can afford the luxury.

Birds are said to be guided in their migration by the stars, and therefore on nights when the stars are hidden by clouds they always lose their way.

Tumblers of nearly the same shape and dimensions as those now used have been found in Pompeii. They were of gold, silver, glass, agate, marble and other semi-precious stones.

The lion and the tiger, and, indeed, most of the carnivora, do not grind their food. They use their jaws only up and down, the molars acting like chopping knives or cutters, scissors.

There are at present three thousand languages spoken by the inhabitants of the globe, whose religious convictions are divided between one thousand different confusions of faith.

The largest gold brick ever cast in the Black Hills was recently deposited in a Deadwood bank. It weighed a trifle less than 100 pounds and was worth about $20,000. It was the result of a 15 days' output.

It is charged by responsible people that the buildings in which the 10,000 pauper children of London live are hotbeds of disease and forcing houses of vice and continued pauperism. It is also said that the same thing is true of the 243,000 pauper children of England and Wales.

An analysis of 2,000 accident policies on which benefits were paid shows 591 persons injured by falls on pavements, 243 by carriages or wagons, 70 by horse kicks or bites and 47 by horseback riding; 117 were cut with glass tools or glass, 91 were hurt by having weights fall on them, and 70 were hurt in bicycle accidents, while 72 were hurt by falling downstairs.

A useful charity called the London Spectacle Mission provides spectacles for poor needlewomen and other deserving persons dependent on their eyesight for a living. Last year 736 applicants were provided with spectacles, against 616 in 1894 and 331 in 1893. The work is accomplished at small expenditure, the total income of the society being little over $400.

The enormous amount of wool used every year for the purpose of making paper may be estimated from the fact that the Petit Journal of Paris, which has a circulation of over 1,000,000 copies a day and is printed on wood pulp paper, consumes in a year 120,000 fir trees of an average height of 65 feet. This is equivalent to the annual thinning of 25 square miles of forest land.

BLIND LOVE.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

If, as they say, true love is blind,
Then never let me see
The faults of those who dwell within
My heart's deep mystery!

I fain would deem friends perfect, free
From every flaw or stain—
As pure as child at mother's knee—
Of aught to cause her pain.

Why should we strain love-blinded eyes,
To search for hidden motes?
As well to seek discordant songs,
That gush from birdling's throats.

WORKING IN DREAMS.

"From a literary point of view, I am a great believer in the value of dreams," said a well-known author to an interviewer, "and I fancy that, if it were possible to ascertain the truth, it would be found that a large proportion of the cleverest books in our language owe their conception, directly or indirectly, to a dream.

"To mention an instance: it is not generally known, perhaps, that the late Mr. R. L. Stevenson's famous story of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' originated in this way. Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., too, recently stated in an interview, printed in Chums, that he dreams many of his stories. One of them, he said, called 'A Fellow's Love Story,' was actually dreamed by him in its entirety. When he awoke, he recalled the whole of it, and he wrote it out word for word with just as much ease as if he were copying something out, and with no brain exhaustion whatever. Many complete passages in his book 'Maid of Athens' were also dreamed by him.

"As regards myself, I do not hesitate to say that many of my most striking and successful ideas have presented themselves to me during the hours devoted to sleep. As a rule, the dream is simply productive of a suggestion, but on one or two occasions I have actually dreamed the entire plot of a novel, from beginning to end.

"The second instance of this kind was quite extraordinary, since the dream was spread over two nights, on the first of which I awoke before the plot was complete. I devoted the whole of the following day to the endeavor to complete the story, but did not succeed to my satisfaction. On retiring to rest, I dreamed again, actually taking up the story where it had broken off the night before, and providing an entirely different conclusion from any I had invented during the day. That book was my greatest success.

"I always make it a rule to sleep with a pencil and notebook close at hand, so that in case I have anything to record I may do so at once. In spite of this precaution, I have lost much good material, for I find the greatest difficulty in remembering my dream, sometimes even immediately after awaking.

"In connection with this forgetfulness, a rather singular coincidence occurred a few years ago. I had just finished reading a new novel, which had received unlimited praise from all the reviews, as being entirely original both in plot and treatment. It was by a fresh writer and it made his fortune. In spite of criticisms, I could not help feeling sure that I had read something similar before, but where or when, I had no idea.

"Some months later, in going through a quantity of letters, I came across a sheet of paper, having drafted upon it an almost identical plot to that of the novel, and it was only then that I remembered having dreamed the story, noted it down, and forgotten the whole occurrence.

"A curious feature in this propensity for dreaming is, that the sleeper frequently takes a leading part in the incidents of the vision. Thus I have often figured in my own stories, either as the hero or the villain, and occasionally the experience is the reverse of pleasant. I recollect being once terribly frightened in this way. I had been dreaming a very melodramatic narrative, in which I assumed the role of a much-abused hero. After going through a variety of startling adventures—each of which, I may mention, was far too improbable even for a 'penny dreadful'—I had to witness, unable to move hand or foot, a diabolical murder. I can see it now: the long glittering knife, poised above the unsuspecting victim, the smile of hate on the murderer's face as the weapon flashed downwards. I made a desperate effort to scream, and awoke to find myself shivering and shaking with fear.

"This last experience partakes more of the nature of a nightmare, and talking of such reminds me of an old comrade-in-arms. Though most of his work was commonplace, yet in the description of a thrilling incident I have never seen his equal.

"I remember in one of his books the hero, while scaling an Alpine peak with some friends, falls into a crevasse, and remains for some time suspended by a thin rope over the frightful abyss. Of course the incident is an old one, but the feelings of the man as he hung there, momentarily expecting the rope to give way, were so powerfully described by the writer, that I questioned him as to whether he had ever experienced anything of the kind. He replied that he had, but only in his sleep.

"Dreams are, as a rule, very unsatisfactory, not only by reason of the improbability of them, but also from incompleteness. Yet instances have come to my knowledge, which almost seem to prove that though the body be asleep, the brain is still able to exercise a thinking and reasoning power.

"The most remarkable example of a complete dream was that of a young man who, while fast asleep, witnessed a comedy. The plot was fairly original, the dialogue good, and the company consisted of living members of the dramatic profession. Fortunately he remembered sufficient of his dream to actually write the play, and it was subsequently performed in London with considerable success. The real secret of its being is known to two people only, the author and myself."

LIGHT.—The more light admitted into apartments the better for those who occupy them. Light is as necessary to sound health as it is to vegetable life. Exclude it from plants, and the consequences are disastrous. They cannot be perfect without its vivifying influence. It is a fatal mistake to curtain and blind windows closely for fear of injuring the furniture by exposure to the sun's rays; such rooms positively gather elements in darkness which engender disease. Let in the light often, and fresh air too.

Grains of Gold.

The man who is growing in grace, is also trying to be gracious.

Time hath often cured the wound which reason failed to heal.

They that seek find, only when they seek in a way that means something.

Cash in bank is a good thing to have, but treasures laid up above is better.

Do good to them that hate you, and you will soon have them hating themselves.

The wounds of the dead are the furrows in which living heroes grow their laurels

Serene and safe from passion's stormy rage, how calm some glide into the port of age.

We must have good eyes to see good, and good hearts to comprehend it when we do see it.

If you boast of a contempt for the world, avoid getting into debt. It is giving to goats the fangs of vipers.

Good-breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others.

Admiration is a forced tribute, and to extort it from mankind (envious and ignorant as they are) they must be taken unawares.

Femininities.

Rosa Bonheur was a dressmaker's apprentice when she was a girl of 15 years.

Made-up bows compel women to buy ribbon who would not think of purchasing it by the yard.

A square emerald surrounded by diamonds makes a ring that is very popular at the present time.

Richan-Young is the pleasingly suggestive combination of the names of a couple married in Camden, Mo., a few days ago.

The first woman's face to be impressed on coins was that of Pulcheria, the Empress of the Eastern Empire of Rome.

Don't be worried over the woman who declares life not worth living if she evinces the slightest interest in her spring frock.

Mrs. Prosy: Reading is quite a passion with my husband. Mrs. Drosser: So it is with mine when he reads my milliner's bills.

It is stated that the Empress of Austria has joined the ranks of lady cyclists, and may be now seen in the early morning on the "wheel" in the more secluded parts of Ischl.

If the new woman keeps up her rapid strides to the front, the husband of the next century will furnish the humorist jokes about "the bread that papa used to make."

Miss Dashleigh, to her fiance: You old darling. You just do appreciate a kiss more than anybody I know. Jack, suspiciously: Now, how did you find that out, I wonder?

A fat French lady despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin, but no sooner does the disappointment come than the joy at the prospect of getting thin makes me fatter than ever."

One of the latest conceits which find favor with the fair devotees of the wheel is the bicycle book, in which are recorded the speed and length of each day's trip and any item of interest which may be worth preserving for future reference.

It is a curious thing that photographs placed behind yellow glass have all the appearance of good mezzotints, especially if they are framed in black wood with a narrow gold beading, and show no margin. The photographs should be "silver prints."

As the returns come slowly in it is found that several Kansas towns will be more or less under the domination of women officials during the ensuing year. In Ellis, as in Gaylord, the Mayor and all the members of the City Council recently elected are women.

Russian girls thus learn their matrimonial prospects: A number of them take off their rings and conceal them in a basket of corn; then a hen is brought in and invited to partake of the corn, and the owner of the first ring uncovered will be the first to enter matrimony.

The two youngest children of the Dowager Empress of Russia are devoted to music. The Grand Duchess Olga plays the violin remarkably well. Her brother, the Grand Duke Michael, aged 17, loves to accompany her on the flute, while the Empress plays the piano.

The Empress of Austria has her hair shampooed once a month. It is still beautiful, luxuriant and perfectly black, and when let down touches the ground as she stands, and she is tall. It is said that her hair wash requires forty eggs, and the other ingredients are obtained from no fewer than twenty mysterious bottles.

The Dowager-Empress Frederick of Germany takes great interest in all the occupations of country life, and has lately turned her attention to bee keeping, which she considers a most useful industry for the peasant population. In order to encourage bee keeping she has become the honorary president of the Wimbledon District Bee Society.

Frau Cosima Wagner, widow of the great composer, is causing much comment by her growing eccentricities. She recently composed five poems in honor of her son Siegfried's five dogs. On Siegfried's birthday she gave a reception, and after the guests had assembled she called in the dogs and had her five poems recited and sung for their benefit.

No Japanese mother of the Nipponita, or old and really interesting, Japanese school, is able to coax herself to give the child of her bosom cow's milk—"the milk of a brute," as she contemptuously terms it. The Japanese baby, therefore, takes to tea-drinking and rice-eating as soon as it is weaned. The rice is served hot at breakfast and dinner, and cold for supper, with hot tea poured over it.

A valuable suggestion for those who have a useless patch of garden or uncultivated ground is made by Miss Grace Harriman, a lecturer to the Derby County Council. From tomato and fruit-growing she declares that women may make a comfortable income, having proved her statement by her own experiences in practical fruit-growing at Sawley. Women may take small holdings and upon these a tomato-house, poultry yard, fruit-plantation and a cottage may be carried on with the greatest success.

Masculinities.

Mount Desert, Me., has a schoolma'am whose name is Daisy Pooch.

The girl with the wasp-like waist often has the same sort of temper.

Harmon Johnson, of Danbury, Conn., who is 16 years old, is 6 feet 9 inches tall.

Any woman can say clever things, but few can see the point when somebody else says them.

A Toledo man claims to have discovered the original Egyptian process of mummification.

Normandy has a law that deprives a man of his vote after the third conviction for drunkenness.

The prefect of police in Paris has decided that an unmarried woman 50 years of age is an old maid.

Thomas Flannigan, of Elmwood, Ind., is the happy owner of a four-legged Plymouth Rock rooster.

The main difference between a man and a boy is that each thinks the other is having all the fun in life.

The bicycle will never reach the perfection of invention until it is made with a lawn mower attachment.

She: I thought you told me your salary was $25 a week. He: Oh, no! I said I earned $25, but I only got $6.

The German Emperor is multiplying his musical compositions, and before long an album of songs written by him is to be published.

Jinks: Would you call Brobson a fool? Filkins: Well, hardly; but I think he knows the least on most subjects of any man of my acquaintance.

A new pledge has been circulated in Gardiner, Me., 20 or more ladies having signed an agreement not to wear any bird's wings as plumage on their hats or bonnets.

The fourth woman to obtain the doctor's degree at the University of Gottingen is Miss Alice Luce, a graduate of Wellesley. She has been made doctor of philosophy.

The taste is often the last faculty to be impaired by old age, because it is most needed for the protection of the individual against the use of unwholesome food.

Self-made men are seldom dissatisfied with their work; and, after knowing some of them, we are not frequently forced to the conclusion that they are very easily pleased.

Parisian dressmakers rub lycopodium powder on their hands, and thus prevent the perspiration from soiling the delicate ribbons and silk fabrics they are constantly fingering.

Her sister: I never thought you and Harry would fight. He's a very indulgent husband. Young wife: That's just the trouble. It makes me so mad when he gives in to me without fighting.

He: What is the sense of putting all that trimming on the back of your hat? Do you suppose any man can see the back of your hat when he meets you? She: No; but every woman will when she passes me.

Youthful Benedict: If I were you, my dear, I wouldn't tell my friends that I trimmed that hat myself. Mrs. Youthful Benedict: Why, love? Would it be conceited? Youthful Benedict: No—superfluous!

In the New York State Reformatory, the captain of the watch makes his rounds through the main corridors of the prison, a distance of about half a mile, on a bicycle. Being noiseless and swift, he can detect any defection on the part of the warders.

Some able-bodied burglars broke into a blacksmith shop in Alpena, Mich., a few days ago and carried off two big anvils along with everything else of value in the place. The owner of the shop says the stuff the burglars got safely away weighed about two tons.

The ages at which the greatest commanders made their reputations are these: Alexander the Great, between 21 and 33; Hannibal, between 26 and 45; Julius Cæsar, between 42 and 55; Frederick the Great, between 28 and 51; Gustavus Adolphus, between 30 and 38; Napoleon, between 27 and 46.

It is said that Princess Beatrice is to have a dukedom conferred upon her by the Queen, with remainder to her sons, and that the title of Duchess of Kent will be revived. If this is not done her children will have no higher rank than that of Princess of Battenburg, which is not recognized at continental courts.

That was a decidedly novel play which was recently performed at an Odessa theatre. It was written by a doctor, and called: "Hypnotic Suggestion; or a Woman's Vengeance." The actors and the orchestra were all doctors, and the audience consisted of convalescent patients let out from the hospital for the occasion.

A stupidly obstinate piece of litigation has just been settled by the House of Lords. Two Aberdeenshire land owners quarreled over the right to fish in the river Dee, which borders their estates for 100 yards. Both admitted that the fishing was of no value, but they have spent $15,000 to have their rights decided.

Latest Fashion Phases.

Jackets will certainly be more fashionable than capes this Spring, but still the latter will be admitted; only remember they must be composed of one single cape, very much sloped over the shoulders, and forming godet pleats all round.

Short, full capes, very much trimmed and lined with satin will be worn.

The conspicuous feature of these small wraps is the immense neck ruche, usually in black gauze or chiffon.

Black, white and black and golden tan are the chief colors for such garments.

Chene floral velvet ribbon, with sprays of flowers in subdued coloring on a dark background, is one of the latest novelties in dress trimmings.

Pretty blouse waists to wear with black satin skirts are made of flowered mesh ribbons, with the addition of a soft vest of lace or chiffon to complete the front. The sleeves should be of satin, like the skirt, or of black chiffon over black.

Black grenadines flounced all over in soft colors, are very popular for dressy gowns, and very useful as a covering for a middle-aged black silk or satin dress.

Since yellow laces have become so common, blonde edging is often used as a substitute by those who aspire to something not worn by the many. It is gathered on silk, net and muslin dress ruffles, and the effect is very dainty.

A few India silk gowns appear among the imported gowns, and one of dark blue patterned with white has three tiny ruffles edged with dark blue Tom Thumb fringe around the skirt. Two rows of white satin bebe ribbon also trim the ruffles, and the waist has a fichu effect of silk edged with the same ruffles.

Old-fashioned silk handkerchiefs with plain centres and palm leaf borders are used for vests to wear with cloth and pique gowns.

All new sleeves which do not terminate near the elbow are cut long enough to fall over the hand in points or with a flaring cuff, and usually have the frill of lace to soften the effect.

Plaid silks are very fashionable for young ladies, and they are used for entire dresses or combined liberally with canvas and mohair.

Among the frivolities of fashion there is nothing so illustrative of the extravagance of the age as the fanciful ruches for neck wear and the miniature shoulder capes which are displayed in great variety in the shops.

Detailed description of their fleeting charms is out of the question, but it will suffice to some extent to say that the price is out of all proportion to the usefulness of the novelty, and quickly regulates the limit of your temptation. Many of these airy trifles are imported and made by the milliners, and they certainly resemble nothing so much as a ballet girl's skirt, with chiffon and ribbon rosettes for a belt.

It is rumored that the latest skirts for wash materials, grenadines, thin silks and net are made of straight breadths, shirred down five or six inches from the waist and plainly hemmed at the bottom, where they hang loose from the gored lining underneath.

Cashmere is much used for house gowns of all sorts, and one of pale gray is prettily trimmed with narrow flowered ribbon, pink on a gray ground, set between rows of silver braid, a wide collar being made entirely of alternate rows of ribbon and braid.

Entire waists are made of black net, effectively decorated with applique of designs of ecru grass lawn embroidered with white.

A stylish gown is fashioned in blue mohair. The wide skirt is cut in the regulation style, and is adorned at the foot with four rows of black soutache braid. It is lined throughout with either cambric or silk to match, being faced ten inches deep with haircloth.

The bodice has a double box plait of the mohair at the centre of the back, extending from the neck to the waist, while the plain, tight-fitting front is of bright green silk, over which is a loose bodice of mohair, formed of horizontal bands of the same, trimmed with three rows of black soutache, which terminates in a loop at the edge of the band. These bands are joined together by a catch-stitch done in heavy black silk, thus allowing the green silk to show between each band. The first band at the waist extends from one under-arm seam to the other, but each succeeding band is divided in the centre and made shorter, so that it reveals a v-shaped gilet of green silk. The belt and collar are made of bright green taffeta ribbon with a bow at the back. The new leg-of-mutton sleeve is trimmed at the wrist with four rows of the braid finished at the back in a small loop corresponding with those on the bodice.

The blue straw hat is garnished with fan plaitings of green tulle, covered with blue tulle, which are arranged at the front and sides, while two large green wings stand erect at the front just back of the tulle plaitings.

A neat costume is in rose and black. The perfectly plain skirt is made of a dark rose cloth.

The bodice, with fluted basques at the sides and back with a deep point at the front, fits the figure snugly, and is fastened at the left side of the front with two fancy buttons. The material used for making this chic little corsage is a taffeta with a rose ground, over which is a scroll design in black. The front is rounded out like a low corsage, with the right side crossing to the left, the edges being bordered with a band of rose velvet embellished with a chain of jet. The upper part of this bodice is draped across the front from shoulder to shoulder, where it is decorated with rabbit ear bows of the coarse velvet. The velvet collar is headed at the sides and back with a frill of white lace and rabbit ear bows, while two similar tabs fall from the lower edge of the collar and rest on the point of the bodice. The gigot sleeves is finished at the wrist with a drapery and bows of the rose velvet.

The hat of rough black straw is trimmed with pink roses, white lace and rose taffeta ribbon.

A brown mohair gown has a full flaring skirt finished without adornment.

The full blouse bodice has a box plait of the material adorning the centre of the front, which extends from the bust to the belt, and is enriched at the edges by four Persian buttons. Above this blouse, which is cut quite low, is a full yoke of white chiffon, over white silk, ornamented at the sides with stylish revers of Persian silk. The collar is of draped chiffon, has a frill of white lace projecting from either side of its upper edge, the centre of the front being decorated with a tab of the silk, while two similar tabs coming from the lower ledge rest in the full front of white chiffon. Large epaulettes of the silk are edged with a deep flounce of white lace that disappears under the revers, and is embellished with a tab of the corresponding with those ornamenting the collar. A belt of the silk has several loops of the same at the back. The new gigot sleeve has a puff extending almost to the elbow, while the lower sleeve fits the arm closely and is gathered along the seam from the elbow to the wrist, where it is finished in two points, and edged with a white lace frill.

Odds and Ends.

HOME MADE LAMP SHADES.

Quite the latest styles for fashionable lamp shades are the Louis Seize and the Empire. These are made of silk, satin, brocade, paper and vegetable parchment, so ladies who make them for their homes have a large choice of materials. Besides being more uncommon than the ordinary silk and lace shades, they allow scope for display of originality on the part of the decorative artist.

I will describe shades made of paper and vegetable parchment first, as these are inexpensive, and yet dainty enough, when well executed, for the smartest drawing rooms and the most handsomely furnished. Here is one made of drawing paper. For shades, I use the fine paper. In the first place, cut out as big a circle as the paper allows, using compasses for the purpose, or, failing these, you can substitute a pin and a length of sewing cotton. Put the pin through the middle of the paper; knot the cotton so that it forms a loop, slip it over the pin, and at the other end of the loop insert the point of a sharply-pointed pencil. Hold the pin firm, and draw the pencil round to mark out the circle.

Next, cut it out neatly with a sharp pair of scissors. Keep the circle true or the edge will not look well when the shade is finished. Now cut a round hole in the centre, then slit the paper right through from the lower edge to the top edge, and form the paper into a round shade.

Keep in mind the shades used in billiard rooms, for these lamp shades are like them, only smaller, and they vary in depth. Fold the circle over until you get a diameter at the lower edge of sixteen or eighteen inches or thereabouts, according to the size you fancy.

Cut out the hole at the top until the diameter is about eight inches. Some of the Empire shades are open at the top, and not more than six inches in depth—in fact, some are less. The more usual depth is from seven to eight inches. Cut away the surplus paper, leaving, however, a third of an inch to wrap under, then lay the paper out flat for painting.

The decoration is done with water colors. Sable brushes are best, and these should not be too small, but they should come to a very fine point. The tendency of the worker will doubtless be to put on the color thinly, for fear that otherwise the effect will be heavy. This is a mistake, for the paintings to show well at night need to be strong. At the same time we must avoid getting them at all glaring in color, as they look badly then in daylight. A happy medium, with a leaning towards strong coloring, must be our aim.

It is important to keep the design thoroughly characteristic of the period chosen. Garlands of roses, blue ribbons tied into French bows, scrolls, medallions, figure subjects after the old French masters are all appropriate. Some license is allowed to decorators, but all artistic effects will be lost if different styles are mixed up unmercifully on one shade. One error very easily fallen into is to treat the flowers, inclosed in a medallion, we will say, in the Japanese style, rather than in the French style, as this is fatal to success.

To continue my description of the shade we have been considering. The next task is to sketch lightly with the brush, filled with Venetian red, the scrolls at the lower edge. Get the curves well formed, and then cut the edge to shape with sharp scissors; short ones, not too clumsy, are the easiest to use and the best for the purpose. Arrange the scrolls so that they meet perfectly at the join. To paint these you can use bronze tints, or warm browns look well. I chose the latter for my shade.

First wash in the scrolls with Venetian red, then shade and put in the strong markings with burnt sienna. A few touches of yellow chrome are an improvement, but they do not show at night when the lamp is lighted. The scrollwork of the medallions is to be done with blue-green tints composed of cobalt and yellow chrome.

Bouquets of pink roses with green leaves are painted within the scrollwork, but there is no background to these. Cobalt is used for the ribbon bows. The border at the top is done with the Venetian red touched up at the lower edge of the band with burnt sienna, and the myrtle wreath beneath has dark green leaves and red berries. To finish the shade buy some tiny round-topped paper fasteners; wrap over the edge of the slit to the width of a third of an inch, and put in the fasteners. These shades are much admired in Paris, and the variety of design there is great.

Occasionally square shades are made, but they are more difficult for amateurs to manage. I will briefly mention one which ladies could try after having perfected the round shades. Say it is to be of vegetable parchment. Now, a join down the edge of each quarter would be quite unmanageable, so this is avoided by cutting each quarter more than full size, that it may wrap well over the next one. The edge where it wraps is cut out in scrolls, therefore the join is almost invisible when painted; and a similar scrollwork is done on the side of the quarter where there is no join. In the centre of each quarter the crossed flaming torch and quiver are painted, with wreath of the wreath of roses suspended by blue ribbon bow. The scroll may be done in blue, touched up with brown and golden tints, or with yellowy green, with brown as before. The small beading above the shade is added the last thing, and a myrtle wreath is painted on it beneath the scroll border.

Watteau subjects done in the style of the fan paintings, but more simply colored, are charming for lamp shades. Sometimes they are self-colored, a soft red being the favorite tint. This I find lights up well, and is yet more satisfactory by daylight. The scroll edges may correspond, or be done with pale blue, red, and green.

A lovely decoration for an Empire shade consists of medallions placed at equal distances apart and connected with floral garlands. The medallions may be treated in different ways. Either cupids with bows or female heads (the hair dressed in the style in vogue during the Empire) look well, but keep to one or other of the subjects. Choose three different arrangements of cupids or three different heads for the one shade. Carry out the subjects in soft tones of red with fine strokes of the brush, as far as possible giving the effect of a print. Surround them with a band of blue, and beyond that a wreath of leaves delicately represented; or frame them with pearls after the fashion of old miniatures. The latter framing is specially suited for heads. Connect the medallions with garlands of flowers. Border the plain lower edge of the shade with a band of blue and a wreath of leaves, and finish the top edge to match. If the heads are chosen, let the medallions be sufficiently large to take in the busts as well; not only will they look better so, but the opportunity is secured of adding a characteristic bit of the costume of the period.

Fighting the Sea.—Perhaps it is because Holland is such a dainty little morsel that the ocean longs to swallow her. However it may be, the people have been forced to construct great dykes to keep at bay the white-crested waves that grind upon the shore like devouring teeth. And even the dykes do not altogether keep out the sea.

Five centuries ago, the land which is now covered by a great inland body of water called the Zuyder Zee, was green with waving forests, and dotted in the clear places with farms and cottages. But, little by little, the sea ate it up.

The Hollanders have determined to reclaim it, and, with this end in view, are about to begin the construction of a gigantic sea-wall, which is to extend from North Holland to Friesland, and will enclose much of the island sea. Thus the tides will be shut out, and the water in the enclosure gradually drained off through a central channel.

It will be the work of years to drive out the sea, but the undertaking has been pronounced a practical one by eminent engineers.

It is anticipated that about twenty-five thousand acres of land will be annually reclaimed when the wall, which is to be two hundred and sixteen feet wide at its base, has been completed.

Live Quietly and Live Long.—In France a census of centenarians has recently been taken, and the tabulation shows 213 persons in that country who are over a hundred years of age. Of this number only sixty six are men, or less than one-third.

An amusing comment on this has been going the rounds in Paris to the effect that the reason for this surprising comparative longevity of women is their proneness to talk and gossip at every conceivable opportunity.

Constant chattering, it is said, leads to the active circulation of the blood, and thus renews the tissues of the body daily and renders the frame particularly strong.

In all seriousness, however, several French physicists have taken up this matter, and they have come to the conclusion that the reason so many more women have attained a greater length of life than men, is because they have passed through less turmoil and trouble, and have had a more calm and less impassioned existence.

One case in point is that of an old lady who died recently in the Haute Garonne, having lived 150 years. She is supposed to have been the oldest woman of modern times, and her life was spent peacefully in a hamlet in this district.

Women at a Premium.—In Western Australia there is an extraordinary scarcity of women eligible for marriage, and, when an opportunity of securing a helpmate does occur, the men are on the spot at once and the competition is keen.

To instance a case, a good-looking young woman was recently left a widow. In the course of her husband's sickness and interment, she was brought in contact with the doctor who visited him, the chemist who dispensed the prescriptions, the undertaker who conducted the funeral, the parson who read the burial service, and the curator of the cemetery. In less than three months after her husband's death all these had proposed.

Yet they were all disappointed; for she was a prudent as well as a comely body, with an eye to the future, and when she was married again it was to her landlord, a man of considerable wealth and position, and to whom she was in debt.

There are times when woes must be discussed, and persons from whom relief must be sought. But for one such case there are a hundred where silence is the best cure. When we detail them to another we magnify them to ourselves; when we keep them in quiet subjection, they shrink in importance.

Ahalya Baee.

BY A. J. L.

NOTWITHSTANDING the importance of India to all English people, it is to be feared that few take interest enough in the details of its history to know even by name, the high-souled, noble-hearted princess whose portraiture we would fain be permitted to place before the eyes of our readers.

And yet the name of Ahalya Baee, Queen of Mhysir, is one which ought never to be forgotten in Indian annals, for her reign formed an unique epoch in its history. Her own exemplary story is given at some length in the first volume of the "Memoir of Central India," by General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., K.S.I., one of the many first-rate men whom India has brought into prominence, and who himself ruled over the very region where Ahalya Baee held away, and some preliminary notice of which may add interest to our narrative.

In that part then of Central India, where the great River Nerbudda flows westward to the Indian Ocean, into which it falls about two hundred miles north of Bombay, lies the province of Malwa. The climate is mild—fit for the production of corn and wine; it has forests where grows the teak tree, affording the most durable of all timber, and where roam the antelope and various kinds of deer, but where roam also the tiger, the wolf, and the leopard, making those others their prey.

But the tiger, the wolf, and the leopard were hardly more fierce than the men who by turns ruled and desolated that land about a hundred years ago, before the British occupation gave it peace and a settled government.

The original inhabitants of the country were then under the dominion of the Mahrattas, than whom no Indian race was more fierce and warlike. None gave more trouble to the English when they first settled themselves in the country; but none, we may add, have been more faithful subjects and allies since they submitted to the British arms, about the time when the Queen was an infant in the cradle.

But at the time whereof we speak, some forty years before Queen Victoria was born, the land of Malwa was in great misery. That period is still referred to by its people as "The years of trouble." Constant petty wars desolated the country; the husbandman might sow, but he never could reckon that he should reap the harvest.

One troop of lawless marauders followed another—in the language of one of their chief—"like the waves of the sea." In one town which had been taken by assault, the wells were found choked with the bodies of women who had thrown themselves down to escape a worse fate.

In the midst of a state of things like this, one district, whose capital is Mhysir, on the Nerbudda, enjoyed thirty years of peace and prosperity, protected by the wisdom and virtue of its ruler, the heroine of our tale, Ahalya Baee.

Ahalya Baee was the wife of Khundee Row, Prince of Mhysir. He was killed in battle, leaving her, at 30 years of age, a widow, with two children.

Her son survived his father only nine months, and on his death, the queen-mother, as the usage of the country allowed, assumed the sovereignty.

Her first act was to select the best of her husband's followers, Tukagee Holkar, to command her armies, and to exercise very full powers as her substitute in the part of her dominions most distant from the capital.

It is to the credit of both that this man remained faithful and loyal to his royal mistress throughout her whole reign, a rare instance in eastern history. It is true that such was the general respect inspired by her character, that he would have incurred universal scorn had he attempted to rebel against her; but with an armed force at his command, and in the country where successful soldiers had so frequently risen to sovereignty, an ordinary woman in her position would have had little chance of holding her own against him had he rebelled.

The mainspring of Ahalya Baee's conduct was a deep sense of responsibility to God for the welfare of her subjects. Her great object was by a just and moderate government to improve the condition of the country, and to promote the happiness of her people.

She maintained but a small army, having no desire for conquest, but it sufficed to preserve the peace she longed for.

It is not the practice of the tribe of Hindus to which Ahalya Baee belonged, to shut up their women in the Zenana, and accordingly she appeared constantly in public.

She sat every day, for many hours in open court, hearing every complaint in person, and though continually referring causes to her ministers for settlement, she would be patient and unwearied in hearing any appeal made to herself.

It appears extraordinary, says Sir John Malcolm, that any woman's mental and bodily powers could be adequate to go through the labors Ahalya Baee imposed upon herself, and which, from the age of thirty to that of sixty, when she died, were unremitted. The hours gained from the affairs of the State were all given to acts of devotion and charity.

To use her own words she deemed herself answerable to God for every exercise of power; and when urged by her ministers to acts of extreme severity, she was wont to exclaim, "Let us mortals beware how we destroy the works of the Almighty."

Nevertheless, when wickedness could not otherwise be checked, or the enormity of crime called for it, she could nerve herself to the stern duty, from which her tender heart recoiled, and on some rare and exceptional occasions criminals suffered death at her command.

An old and faithful servant of Ahalya Baee, who was living at the age of ninety, when Sir John Malcolm was in power in Central India, showed him a minute account, which he had drawn up of the daily life of his mistress, whom he had revered as a saint.

Ahalya Baee rose regularly before daybreak (which in lands lying near the equator means, with but slight variations, 5 A. M.) to say her prayers, and perform the customary ceremonies.

She then heard the sacred books of her faith read for a fixed period; distributed alms, and gave food in person to a number of Brahmins. Her own breakfast was then served, and consisted always of vegetable diet, for although the rules of her tribe did not require it, she had forsworn animal food.

Breakfast ended, she went again to prayers. Then followed a short repose, rising from which, she dressed herself, and at one or two o'clock, proceeded to hold her court for public business, and the administration of justice.

This lasted till six in the evening. The next two or three hours were devoted to religious exercises and a frugal repast, and continued till eleven, when she retired to rest. She always wore the plain white garments of a Hindu widow (white being in that country the color of mourning), and no ornament except a small necklace.

The success of her internal administration was altogether wonderful. It seems to have been in some measure due to her own absolute disinterestedness. While other eastern rulers too often watch, with a greedy eye, such of their subjects as are growing rich, and take the first opportunity to despoil them, she was known to rejoice in the wealth and prosperity of all around her.

Bankers, merchants, and cultivators flourished under her protection. She established regular and moderate assessment of revenue throughout her territories, and so well did she continue to satisfy all parties on this difficult point, that Sir John Malcolm found he had only to appeal to the precedent of her arrangements, to silence all opposition to his own.

The correspondents of Ahalya Baee extended to the most remote parts of India. When the treasures of Holkar, the great Mahratta chief, came by inheritance into her possession, she is stated to have appropriated them to purposes of charity by the performance of a religious ceremony common to Hindus.

Water is taken into the hand and mixed with some leaves of the Toolsee-tree, while a Brahmin pronounces a prayer, and then sprinkled over, the treasure, whatever it may be, is considered by this act to be devoted to pious uses.

Ahalya Baee expended considerable sums in sacred edifices at Mhysir. She built several forts, constructed difficult mountain roads, and built temples, wells, and resting-places for travellers throughout her territory; and far to the east, west, north and south in India, similar good works were extended.

She daily fed the poor, and on particular festivals gave entertainments to the very lowest classes. During the hot months of the year persons were stationed on the roads to supply travellers with water, and at the commencement of the cold season clothing was liberally distributed among her dependents and to infirm people.

The very beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fish of the river, shared in her compassion; portions of food were allotted to them, and the peasant near Mhysir used to see his yoke of oxen stopped during their labor to be refreshed with water brought by a servant of Ahalya Baee; while fields she had purchased for the purpose, were covered with flocks of birds that had been—justly, as she would herself say—driven by the husbandmen from destroying the grain on which they depend for their own sustenance.

Sir John Malcolm tells us that he once expressed to a very intelligent Brahmin a doubt as to the wisdom of expending the treasures of a state in such large gifts to Brahmins and in the erection of religious edifices in distant lands, but was well answered by the question, "Whether Ahalya Baee by spending double the money on an army that she did in charity and good works could have preserved her country for thirty years in a state of profound peace, while she rendered her subjects happy and herself adored?" Adding that: "Among the princes of her own nation it would have been looked upon as sacrilege to have become her enemy, or indeed not to have defended her against any hostile attempts." He concluded by saying that she was regarded by all, including the Nizam of the Deccan, and Tippoo Sultan in the same light, and Hindus, and Mohammedans alike revered her.

This admirable woman had heavy afflictions in her own family. Her son was of weak intellect, and when the premature death of his father raised him in early youth to the throne, his feeble brain developed a form of positive insanity.

He delighted in acts of malicious cruelty, especially towards Brahmins, so venerated by his mother, who used to lament aloud her hard destiny in having a perfect demon for her son.

His death was occasioned by an agony of terror, following a paroxysm of raving madness, for having in a fit of passionate jealousy slain a man afterwards clearly proven to have been innocent.

It is a confirmed belief among many natives of India that the spirit of the dead have power to arise upon and destroy the living. It was rumored that the slain man had threatened the unhappy prince, that should he slay him he would take terrible vengeance; and the prince himself, and all around him, believed he was haunted by the ghost of his victim, now—according to their horrible belief—become a demon.

Ahalya Baee passed whole hours in tears and prayers, and sat day and night beside her afflicted son, believing that in his ravings she had communion with the demon who possessed him. She offered to build a temple to the dead man, to settle an estate upon his family if he would only quit her son. But all in vain, and the unhappy boy soon died.

Ahalya Baee had now but one child left, a daughter, married, and with one son. The boy, however, died, and his death was shortly followed by that of the father also. Then, in strict accordance with the Hindu woman's ideas of honor, Muchta Baee determined to burn herself with the corpse of her husband.

Muchta Baee, though an affectionate daughter, was on this point inexorable. "You are old, mother," she said, "a few years will end your pious life. My husband and my only child are gone, and when you follow I feel my life will be insupportable, but the opportunity for terminating it with honor will then have passed."

The helpless mother, when she found all discussion unavailing, determined to witness the dreadful scene. She walked in the procession, and stood near the pile, supported by two Brahmins who held her arms.

She remained tolerably firm till the first blaze of the flame made her lose all self-command; and while her shrieks increased, amid the noise made by the shouts of the immense multitude that stood around, she was seen to gnaw in anguish those hands she could not liberate from the grasp by which she was held.

After some convulsive efforts, she so far rallied as to join in the ceremony of bathing in the Nerbudda when the bodies were consumed.

She then retired to her palace, where for three days taking hardly any nourishment, she remained absorbed in grief, never uttering a word.

When somewhat recovered from this state, she seemed to find consolation in building a monument to the memory of those she lamented—a monument of which Sir John Malcolm says there are few modern temples of "more beautiful and finished workmanship than this memorial of maternal love."

Ahalya Baee died in the year 1795, at the age of 68, worn out by care and fatigue. She is described as having never been handsome, but "with a heavenly light in her countenance." She was rarely moved to anger, but when thoroughly roused to indignation by cruelty or crime, her looks struck terror into the hearts of the very boldest.

She appeared to be insensible to flattery. A Brahmin wrote a book in her praise, which she permitted him to read to her, but when it was ended, she commended it to be thrown into the Nerbudda, saying she was "unworthy of such fine encomiums," and took no further notice of the author.

The facts that have been related—for the most part in Sir John Malcolm's own words—rest upon undoubted evidence, most carefully sifted by him, while some of Ahalya Baee's contemporaries yet lived, and could be questioned.

It is indeed a beautiful picture, and surely this Indian queen shall be among the number called from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, to sit down in that kingdom of God of which it was not given her on earth to hear, but many of the highest laws whereof she was unconsciously fulfilling, and with whose spirit, unknowing of its source, her heart was so deeply imbued.

OF INTEREST TO TEA DRINKERS.—Tea is raised from the seed in China. In sowing the seeds six or eight are put in pots about an inch below the surface, four feet apart, and covered with rice husks. Scarcely one in five of the seeds grows.

On the larger plantations three years are allowed to elapse before a crop is gathered. A tea plantation at this age, when seen from a distance, resembles a shrubbery of evergreen, the view being very picturesque.

The third crop is gathered in July, when the shrubs are searching for leaves, and the product is called "tea without aroma." This forms the bulk of the tea exported, and is important, though inferior to the other tea.

The product of single plants varies so much that it is difficult to estimate the average quantity. A plant of three years' growth yields about eight ounces of green leaves to a picking, equivalent to eighty pounds an acre, while at five years' growth the plant will produce five times that amount, but the quality of the tea will not be so good.

There are three regular pickings in the course of the year, the first one in April, yielding a quality of tea which is simply superb, consisting of the youngest, tenderest leaf buds.

Great care is exercised. The tea pickers, for weeks before they commence work, are not allowed to eat fish or anything strong, least their breath should contaminate the leaves. Gloves are worn during the picking.

MILLIONS OF TOMES.—Exclusive of private libraries, the number of books in the various libraries of the world is estimated at the present time to be no fewer than 40,000,000.

In the last half century the number of library books has as near as possible doubled, as the number in 1845 was only estimated at 20,000,000

One cause of this remarkable increase is the great cheapening of the cost of publishing during that period, and another the spread of education among all classes

The biggest library in the world is the National Library at Paris, which has now 2,100,000 books.

The library of the British Museum follows with at least 1,200,000, and the Imperial library in St. Petersburg with 1,000,000.

The Munich Library has 810,000 books; the Royal Library, Berlin, 800,000 books; and the Dresden Library 525,000 books.

In the United States the Boston Public Library has 587,000 books, and the Chicago University Library 380,000; while the Congressional Library at Washington contains 396,000 volumes and 150,000 pamphlets, its present rate of increase being 15,000 volumes and 5,000 pamphlets yearly.

The Royal Vienna Library has 450,000 books; the Copenhagen Library 400,000; and the library of Oxford University 300,000 books and a very large number of valuable manuscripts.

The Vatican Library is one of the most valuable in the world, on account of the number of rare and priceless books and manuscripts which it contains.

Humorous.

In order to reduce his weight
He purchased him a wheel;
Before he'd ridden it a week
He fell off a good deal.
—U. N. Nose.

Ada: Why one of your cheeks is red as fire, and the other pale as a ghost.

Ella: Yes. Harry was on one side, and I was afraid mamma would see us on the other.

"Does that newspaper correspondent really go into the best society?"

"Go into it? Why, he fairly pitches into it all the time."

Madge: I suppose you are happy now you have the engagement ring.

Marjorie: No, my dear. I won't be perfectly happy until I find out what it cost.

Clara: Oh! have you heard about Cora Carrott? She is going to marry a rich widower with six children.

Dora: She always was a greedy thing.

An Indian named "Man-Afraid-of-Nothing" married a white woman in Montana, and in one week after his wedding he applied to his tribe to have his name changed.

Patient, about to have his leg removed, cheerfully: Well, doctor, I'm afraid that I won't be able to go to any more dances.

Dr. Knifer: No; after this you'll have to confine yourself to hops.

Principal, to new apprentice: Has the bookkeeper told you what you have to do in the afternoon?

Youth: Yes, sir; I was to waken him when I saw you coming.

Husband: I'm sorry that burglar got your watch last night, my dear; but there's one thing to be thankful for.

Wife: What's that?

Husband: He didn't wake up the baby.

First little girl: And isn't your cat afraid of mice?

Second little girl: Oh, no, not a single bit.

First little girl: That's queer. And she's a lady cat, too, isn't she?

She: Are you going to the pic-nic on Tuesday, George?

He: Oh, yes!

She, with feeble indifference: Alone, George?

He: No; I shall take an umbrella.

Foreman, to country editor: Do you want the Rev. Mr. Goodman's sermon, "Feed my lambs," to go on the editorial page?

Editor absent mindedly: No. Run it in the "Agricultural Department."

George, nervously: I'd like, the best in the world, Kitty, to marry you; but I don't know how to propose.

Kitty, promptly and practically: That's all right, George. You've finished with with me; now go to papa.

"I have said," remarked the man who kept a scrap book, "that a pound of spiders' web is long enough to go round the world."

"Pooh!" retorted the mean man. "What's that? I've got a brother only five feet long, who has been round the world three times."

"Gerty, did I show you this engagement ring of emeralds and diamonds that Charlie Brown gave me?"

"Oh, I have seen it before!"

"Seen it before?"

"Yes. I was engaged to him the first part of July!"

The little boys spent a snowy day during the Christmas holidays tiger shooting in their father's dining-room, and as one, making his cautious way among the legs of the dinner table, for the nonce a pathless jungle, was hailed by the other with, "Any tigers here, Bill?" he answered, gloriously: "Tigers? 'n knee deep in them!"

The cyclone struck a noted corner crator in Davis City, Nebraska, and slapped him against the side of a brick building one hundred yards away. On recovering consciousness the victim threw up his hands and cried, piteously:

"Don't, Libbie, don't! I'm going right home!"

"And you really claim that you can summon ghosts into your presence?"

"Certainly."

"Prove it."

"I will."

He summons a ghost.

"But—I don't see anything."

"Nor I. But I summoned—no just the same. I didn't say I could make him come."

"Is it becoming to me?" asked she, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago before the man who is not her lord and master, but is not husband.

"Yes, my dear," said he, smokily.

"Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked.

"No, my dear," he replied; "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

Teddie: What are Woman's Rights, papa?

Father: Everything they want, my boy. Always remember that.

"I hear that Jack is about to be engaged. Well, I suppose he expects to be happy; but when a man marries he takes chances."

"Jack isn't taking any chances."

"No?"

"No, poor fellow, he hasn't a chance."

A Batch of Mistakes.—A capital story is told in Parisian circles, to the discomfiture of a certain physician of that city. He had attended the only child of rich parents, and had, with the aid of Providence, saved the infant's life.

A day or two after her darling was pronounced out of danger, the grateful mother visited the man of science at his establishment.

"Doctor," said she, "there are certain services which money cannot remunerate. Scarcely knowing how to discharge my debt to you, I have thought you might be willing to accept this pocket book, which I have myself embroidered, as a trifling token of my gratitude."

"Madam," retorted the disciple of Æsculapius, somewhat rudely," the practice of medicine is not a matter of sentiment. Time is money, and we expect our time to be paid for in cash. Pretty presents may serve to perpetuate friendship, but they do not contribute to the cost of housekeeping."

"Well, then, doctor," replied the lady, much wounded by his tone and manner, "be so good as to name the sum at which you value your professional services."

"Certainly, madam. My charge, in your instance, is two thousand francs."

Without further remark, the lady opened the rejected pocket-book, which she still held in her hand, took two of the five-thousand franc notes stowed inside, placed them on the great man's table, and quietly bade him good-morning. The doctor has not yet recovered his equanimity.

The story was soon in circulation, and, of course, it was not long before it was turned to account in a new shape—this time far more ludicrously to the disadvantage of an eminent advocate than to the first sufferer.

A lady had just succeeded in gaining an important suit at law, and was indebted for her victory to the eloquent plea of her counsel. The medical anecdote had just become a general topic of conversation in the drawing-rooms and clubs of the capital, and when his fair client, in token of her "gratitude," offered him a cushion, embroidered by her rosy fingers, the gallant and cunning attorney accepted the gift with many protestations and compliments.

The lovely donor had no sooner departed than the cushion was ripped open, and found to be stuffed, not with bank bills, but with horse hair of the best quality.

While the Candle Lasted.—This rather outlandish mode of auction is still practised in the Belgian capital, the auctioneer's familiar hammer being replaced by a row of small pieces of candle of about the height of an ordinary night-light.

At a sale the other day at Brussels, in the presence of a goodly number of officials, twenty-one lots were put up for sale by candle, and in memory of the "going, going, gone," cry, the extinguishing of three candles lighted in succession was necessary before a sale of any lot could become final.

On a lot being put up, a candle was lighted on the first bid being received, and when another bid came, the first candle lighted was put out and a fresh one lit, and so on for every new bid, until after the expiry of the fourth or any subsequent candle without any additional bid, the lot was sold.

The proceedings, it is said, were conducted amidst almost continuous laughter, which was no doubt increased by the fun and wit of the auctioneer.

Sale by candle was at one time frequently practised in England, but under conditions less likely to continue for any unreasonable time.

Only one candle was used, and in it a pin was thrust about an inch from the top, and the bidding goes on till the candle is burnt down to the pin; when the pin dropped into the candlestick, the last bidder was the purchaser. An auction in this way was held in 1808 at Aldermaston, near Reading.

Painless Tooth Drawing.—Before the days of chloroform there was a quack who advertised tooth drawing without pain. The patient was placed in a chair, and the instrument applied to his tooth with a wrench, followed by a roar from the unpleasantly surprised sufferer.

"Stop!" cried the dentist, "compose yourself. I told you I would give you no pain, but I only just gave you that twinge as a specimen, to show you Cartwright's method of operating!"

Again the instrument was applied, another tug, another roar.

"Now, don't be impatient, that is Dumerge's way; be seated and calm, you will now be sensible of the superiority of my method!"

Another application, another tug, another roar.

"Now, pray be quiet—that is Parkinson's mode, and you don't like it, and no wonder!"

By this time the tooth hung by a thread; and whipping it out, the operator exultingly exclaimed, "This is my mode of tooth-drawing without pain, and you are now enabled to compare it with the operations of Cartwright, Dumerge and Parkinson."

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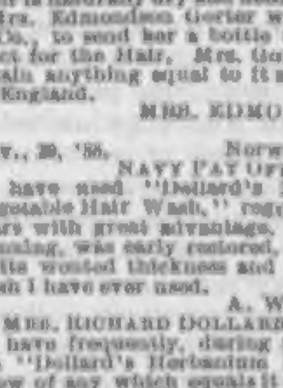

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Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 6.25, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00, 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.00, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 1.00, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.35, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.30, 6.35, 9.45 p m. (2.45 p m. does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.15 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.35, 11.06 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.25, 7.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.35 p m. Accom., 7.20, 11.40 a m, 4.00, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, 4.05, 5.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.52, 7.20 p m, Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.20 a m, 5.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 4.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.20 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.15 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 5.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express, 8.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.30, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.30, 8.15 a m, 4.3 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 8.00 a m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.10 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.05 p m. Sundays, 9.45 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

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